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THE

ARROW OF GOLD;

—OR,—

THE SHELL-GATHERER.

A Story that unfolds its own Mysteries and Moral.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECRETS OF THE CELLS."

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE story now leaps over three years from the conclusion of the last chapter. The scene and the country change. It is at the close of a delicious tropical day and in the palm shaded court of a Moorish palace that the thread of the narrative is resumed.

A Moorish prince is seated upon his divan, surrounded by his guards, and glittering with all the splendors of his rank. Before him stands a venerable man, with a beard like snow in whiteness descending to his breast. He wore a close fitting cap or *fez*, of red cloth, and a long black robe girdled at the waist with a green silk sash, the sacred color of his faith. His chain bound hands were folded upon his breast, and he seemed to be awaiting the judgment of the pacha.

No eye was turned upon him with commiseration or feeling save those of a handsome male slave, who stood at the prince's right hand, his cup-bearer. His gentle, dark eyes were fixed upon the old man with sorrow, strangely contrasting the appearance of his haughty master's.

"So, Selim," said the pacha, speaking to him as to a favorite, "so thou hast pity on this vile charlatan, by thy looks!"

"I reverence, my lord prince, his venerable air and his benign aspect. I hope he has done nothing worthy of death, that he is brought before my lord this morning."

"Thou shalt know," answered the prince, with a slight smile passing over his dark features. "Speak, dervish, what is thy crime?"

"May it please your highness," answered the old man, "I could not heal the disease of the princess, thy favored wife."

"This is not all! This were not a crime, caitiff; hadst thou not professed to be a healer of diseases, and pretendedst to powers medicinal that would restore her, without the disease leaving a mark! But lo, her face is not only pitted with the vile plague, but she is threatened with blindness. By Allah, she scarce knew when the sun rose to-day!"

"The physician can only use remedies: the result is in the hands of Heaven," answered the old man, calmly.

"Thou art worthy of death! Let thy skill restore thy head to thy shoulders, when it shall fall soon at thy feet!"

"Mercy, my lord prince! If your highness will spare my aged head—for old men cling most closely to life—I will prepare thee a cosmetic that will, not without pain, but will effectually remove all trace of the disease from the princess's skin, and—"

"Doubtless restore her sight," interrupted the pacha, mockingly. "Go to!" Thou art an impostor!"

"Nay, my lord, but this I will do!"

"What, restore her sight?" demanded the pacha with incredulous surprise.

"No—but her complexion by my cosmetic!"

"Without eyes she will never know whether she be fair or blemished, old man! Thy want of skill has deprived her of her sight, and daily her soul is being sealed up in darkness. She knows me now only by my voice and step. Thou shalt die! Commend thy soul to the Prophet's keeping, for thou hast not another five minutes to live!"

"If my lord will have mercy and spare his servant, I will tell my lord of a great physician in the city of Algiers, who has power even to restore sight! He will come to thee if thou wilt send me for him!"

"Thou seekest but excuse to prolong thy miserable existence, old man! Thou hopest to escape in the desert on the way! Let his head be taken off! We have other matters to judge this morning."

The captain of the guard, at the signal of a raised finger by his master, stepped forward with a drawn sword, and was in the act of swinging it round to sever the head of the unsuccessful oriental chirurgeon, when the page Selim impulsively sprang towards him, and catching him by the arm, held it firmly, while he turned his face imploringly towards the pacha.

"Spare him! oh, spare him, my noble master!"

"And why dost thou care for him, Selim?"

"He may know a man who can help the princess; and, if he perish, this knowledge perishes with him! Spare his life, my good lord! Thou canst always have him in thy power to do with him as thou wilt. A few days will make no great matter, that thou shouldst not grant it!"

"It is granted—but not for him—but to thee, Selim. Sheathe thy scimitar, captain."

The young man bent his knee, gratefully, before the prince, and kissed his hand.

"Art thou not of kin to this old man, Selim?" asked the prince.

"Nay—I never saw him until he came to the palace a few days ago to heal the princess."

"Thou owest thy life to this youth," said the pacha to the old man, whose looks expressed his joy at his escape from present death, and his gratitude to the young man, slave as he was, who had such influence as to save his head. "Now, what is the name of this man in Algiers, whom thou sayest can restore sight to the blind?"

"He is, my lord, a great alchymist and astrologer; and by his wisdom he has found out many secrets important to man's happiness. One of these is, the restoration to sight of those who have once seen and lost it."

"Sayest thou he gives new eyes, man?" asked the prince, incredulously, with a look of contempt.

"No, my lord prince; but if the eye remain untouched, the sight can be recovered by means of his art and skill."

"Doubtless equal to thy own, dotard!"

"My lord, may his skill be tested?" asked the page, earnestly.

"This wise man of Algiers shall be sent for, old man; but thou goest not for him thyself. I will have thy head within reach of my lieutenant's good blade! What is his name?"

"Aldebrac, my lord pacha."

"The Arabian magician! I have heard of his fame. Sayest thou he dwellest in Algiers?"

"I left him there, your highness, no less than four weeks ago. He will be found there yet—for he casteth the horoscope of the Royal House at Algiers, and it will take two moons yet to complete the year's circle, ten months of which he has been at work."

"He must come at our bidding."

"If I went, my lord, and saw him—and——"

"You go not! You leave not Morocco, old man! I will take good care you escape not your deserts, if the magician come not up to your praise of him. Selim?"

"My good lord," answered the handsome page, who had manifested by his countenance the deepest interest in all that passed.

"I shall despatch you on this errand to Algiers."

"Yes, your highness, I will gladly go."

"You will start an hour before sun-down, taking the cool of the day, and ride all night. An officer, with a guard of sixty horse shall escort you. In five days you will reach Algiers! You will bring the magician with you! I will give you a letter to the pacha, who will send him at my request. Delay not to return. By the twelfth day hence I shall expect to see you return."

The young man bowed low in sign of obedience, while his dark eyes betrayed a secret joy at heart.

"By the beard of the Prophet, Selim, thou carest more for the princess, thy mistress, than I believed," said the pacha, whose quick glance nothing escaped.

"She has always been gentle and good to me, my lord."

"And, by Allah! have I not?"

"Too kind, my lord! Only—"

"Only—what? What remains behind unsaid?"

"Only, my lord, that thou withholdest my freedom."

"Thou art the pearl of my eye, Selim! I could not live without thee! Thou hast more wisdom, and judgment, and devotion in thee than all my other slaves put together."

"These qualities, my prince, if they exist, ought surely to give me a title to the record of freedom rather than seal more firmly my bondage."

"Callest thou thy condition bondage, Selim?" said the prince, smiling, and looking pleasantly upon his page. "Have I not made thee, though thou hast not yet seen more than twenty-one years, my companion and confidant?"

"True, my lord—but——"

"If thou wilt bring this magician with thee, and he restore sight to the princess Fatima, I will restore thee thy freedom!"

"In twelve days, your highness, the astrologer shall stand before you, if he be alive," answered Selim with animation, his eyes sparkling with joy.

"Go, old man! Guard him safely, but give him leave to walk in the out courts of the palace."

With this command to the officers of his guard, the prince moved his hand for their departure. Other matters were brought before him for judgment; but Selim immediately left the presence of the prince, to prepare for his departure.

A few hours later in the day the princess Fatima was seated in her apartment, with the lattice open towards the gate of the city. By her side was the young pacha, her idolizing husband.

"Nay, tell me not, fair wife, you cannot see that party of horsemen passing?" he said sorrowfully, and almost as it were reproachfully.

"I perceive a moving mist—nothing more!"

"It is the party with Selim, who goes to Algiers to bring hither the astrologer Aldebrac, to try his skill upon thine eyes!"

"Nay, my lord! If my beauty be gone—I wish not sight to see my ugliness."

"But this chirurgeon sweareth by the Prophet he can prepare a cosmetic which will give thee a child's skin for fairness and smoothness. I have set him to his task. He promises in three days to have it prepared. If he fail, goes his head, and his carcase to the dogs!"

"Seest thou not the palm tree waving above us?"

"Only a shadow moving in a deep night!"

The pacha gazed sadly down upon her and sighed; and turning sorrowfully away followed with his eyes the party of horse as it trotted out of the gate of the city and took its way across the sandy plain.

At its head rode the noble looking page. He was armed like a warrior; and his manly mustache and bright, black eyes, and tall figure, were in harmony with his soldierly apparelling.

On the morning of the fifth day, as the dawn broke, they came in sight of the Mediterranean and of the walls and towering mosques of the city of their destination, laying in the morning light between them and the shining sea. They arrived at the gate as the sun gilded its minarets, and Selim presenting his order from the Prince of Morocco, was received by the captain of the walls with great honor, and escorted to the palace of the bey.

After the first receptions and salutations were over, the Bey, reading the letter of the prince, courteously signified his willingness to send him the magician.

"Call him into our presence," he commanded his attendant. "It is a sad calamity, the loss of eyes to the wife of our princely friend of Morocco," he added, turning to Selim, whose noble air and rich costume attracted his attention.—But if there be skill in man to aid her, it is in the hand of the great astrologer. Art thou a slave?" he suddenly asked.

"I am, your highness," answered the page. "A Christian slave."

"Of what nation—Greece or Ispania?"

Before a reply could be made, a slave entered and said:

"The mighty magician sends word to your highness that he may not leave his calculations until the ninth hour of the day."

"We must submit to the stars," said the bey. "I will send thee to him in his tower where he casteth his horoscopes. He at least can see thee there and know thy message. Return hither when thou hast spoken with him thy prince's word."

Selim being conducted across the court of the palace, came to a terrace, which he ascended, following his conductor to a tower. Up the stairs of this he wound his way, and entered a small upper room, where sat the astrologer, surrounded by strange instruments and telescopes, and all the paraphernalia of a magician's occult profession. He was a tall, dark man, with a long black beard and gray hair profusely covering his shoulders. He wore a blue gown and a green turban. The lines of his face were deep, and marked advanced age; his features were strongly cast and expressive of intelligence; his air was haughty and his look imperative.

He raised his piercing eyes from a piece of parchment on which he was making calculations, and seeing Selim enter, he said sternly to the attendant:

"Said I not I must be undisturbed?"

"My lord," said Selim, calmly, "I am come on business most urgent, and time is precious, each moment!"

"Speak! what wouldst thou?"

"I am the page of the Emperor of Morocco. His fair bride was taken ill with the small-pox. A physician offered to cure her without leaving a scar, but failed—and—"

"Who was he?"

"Abdel of Fez."

"I know him—he has great skill! But diseases are in the hands of Allah! Men are not infallible."

"My master would have slain him, but he spoke of you."

"I can do nothing. If her beauty is impaired, let her use cosmetics,—those Abdel prepares,—not I!"

"So he promises to do. But, my lord, the empress is blind! The fell disease destroyed her sight," added the page, with extraordinary emotion. When the sword was hanging over his head, he said if the prince would spare his life he would send him one who could give her back her vision. He named you. His life depends on my success in taking you to Morocco and your skill there! Speak, my lord! Can you restore sight to the blind?" he added, with an earnestness that made the magician fix upon him his penetrating look with surprise.

"If the eye be not broken. I have learned the skill to restore an uninjured eye; but I obtained it with a life's toil and great treasure expended. I found the art in India!"

"Then thou canst restore the sight of the empress?"

"Not until I see her, can I answer thee!"

"Thou must go with me. It is the command of the bey."

"I yield obedience. To-morrow I will start with thee. To-night I must watch a certain occultation."

"The emperor, my master, will well reward thee!" said the page, with trembling joy and hope.

"Thou lovest her well, young man."

"She is kind, my lord. She was very fair before this happened. It would make her so happy; and also the prince."

"To-morrow, at early dawn, I will depart with thee. So I return by the beginning of the circle of the next coming month, as it enters the zodiac, I shall not mar my horoscopes! At the end of the year I depart for Gibraltar, a while to be present to watch the eclipse of one of Jupiter's moons. The motions of the heavens are our volumes, where we read written the destinies of the princes of the earth."

It was moonlight when the escort of horse, which had twelve days before left Morocco, reentered the city, and took its weary, slow, and dusty way toward the palace.

When the prince heard of Selim's return, he sent for him to come immediately into his presence.

"Welcome! Hast thou succeeded?"

"Aldebrac, the magician, is within the palace," answered Selim, with an air of triumph.

"What says he? Can he restore sight?"

"He will give no answer, my prince, until he beholds the royal patient," he has said.

"Wisely forborne! To-morrow he shall see her. To-night have him well taken care of. But I did not tell thee, Selim, that the cosmetic of Abdel promiseth to do all he said it would. This is the ninth day that it has been applied, and already Fatima has begun to recover her beauty."

"May the magician, my lord, be as successful in restoring her to sight."

"Allah grant it!"

The next day the astrologer was sent for, to the presence of the empress. The prince was with her, and Selim stood near.

"Art thou, then, the great magician, Aldebrac, of whom fame speaks?" asked the prince, as he bowed himself before him with stately courtesy.

"I am Aldebrac, your highness's servant."

"Hast thou skill to restore sight to the blind?"

"If not born blind, my lord prince, and if the eye be not marred in appearance."

"Here, then, is a case that will test thy skill, sir magician. Behold this royal lady, the sharer of my throne as of my heart. Her eyes seem, as thou seest, without injury; but within the last three days total blindness has sealed their vision. If thou canst give her back her sight, I will pay thee thine own weight in silver bars."

"My lord prince, I will see what my skill can do," answered the magician.

He then drew near, and looked steadily into the eyes of the empress. Selim watched him, if possible, with more eagerness than the prince himself. Bringing her eyes broadly to the full sunlight, he several times pressed and closed the lids, and then suddenly removed his thumb and fingers, and asked her what colors she saw?"

"Blue and orange," she answered.

"And when I press my hands upon the eyes?"

"Glittering stars!"

"Thy sight can be restored to thee?" answered the magician, confidently. "But thou must bear a moment's pain! It will be like fire."

"So I see once more my husband's face, I will bear whatever pain may be necessary."

"Sir astrologer," said the monarch, warningly, "if you operate upon her eyes to injure their appearance, or fail to restore her sight—"

"My head answers for it!" he interrupted. "I know it; but I fear not the issue! In a few minutes she shall behold your highness's face!"

The magician then drew from a pocket beneath his black robe, a small casket. Opening it, he took from it two crystal bottles. One contained a crimson oil, the other a transparent fluid. He opened both, and desired the empress to lay her head back and open fully the eyes. He was about to pour from the red vial into them, when the emperor said, sternly:

"Beware! See that thou doest no evil; for thy life shall presently answer it."

"I know my art, your highness."

"I have confidence, my lord!" said the empress, and she placed her head back upon the side of the ottoman; but the emperor removing it, held it, while he fixed his fiery eyes upon the magician.

The latter calmly, and with a steady hand, poured from the red vial into both eyes an oily liquid, which overran them.

"There is no pain," she said.

"Were it not for this oil thou couldst not endure what I am now to pour into thine eyes," said the astrologer. "Be firm, and move not!"

"Guard well what thou art doing!" warned the prince.

Without regarding his words, the magician dropped slowly, drop by drop, the colorless liquid upon the pupil of the eye. The empress slightly screamed, and grew deadly pale. But the operator immediately closed her eyes with his fingers, and held them firmly for a moment. He then took a silken bandage, and bound it tightly over them.

"The pain was intense; but I can bear it now," said the empress to her husband's inquiries.

Selim had watched the process as eagerly and with as breathless interest, as if she had been his sister.

The astrologer held the bandage upon her eyes about five minutes, and then removing it, bade her open her eyes. As she did so, he poured into them an amber-colored fluid, and after a moment called for water to bathe them. After a free application of the water, the empress was permitted by him to look about her, and say if she saw ought.

"I see—I see *you*, my dear husband!" she almost shrieked, and fell weeping with joy upon his shoulders. By direction of the magician, she was to be kept in a deeply-shaded room for a day or two. The result was, that on the third day, she saw perfectly, and her eyes appeared as if they had never been dimmed.

The old physician, Abdel, was released from his captivity, and rewarded with a purse of gold for naming Aldebrac to the emperor; and the magician himself received his own weight in silver, duly weighed, out of the royal treasury, and which took two camels to convey to Algiers. But when Selim bent his knee before his royal master, and craved the fulfilment of his promise, to give him his freedom, if the empress were restored to sight, the prince looked sorrowful.

"If thou wilt take thy freedom and yet remain with me in Morocco, I will make thee my chief vizier, confer upon thee my second palace, place at thy disposal a body guard, bestow upon thee fourscore slaves, and thou shalt have thy choice of the fairest maids of my realm for wives! Gold and silver shall be thine without measure; and only in the throne shall I be greater than thou!"

"My noble master and prince," answered Selim, "these proofs of thy favor deeply touch me. But I ask no more of thee than my freedom; and leave to return to my country."

"Thou sayest thou hast no father nor mother; nay, that thou knowest not surely thy country! But my words make thee sad! I will keep my promise. Rise from thy knees! Thou art from this moment free!"

Selim, with tears in his eyes, rose and kissed his hand. The emperor then presented him with many suits of raiment, and a heavy purse of gold, and said: "Whither wilt thou go?"

"To the nearest European port, my prince."

"I send a ship in four days to Gibraltar, with bales of camels' hair and dates. Thou mayest go in her if thou hast made up thy mind to leave me."

Early on the night following this interview with the prince, Selim left the palace, and se-

cretly took his way towards the quarter of the city where the magician had taken lodgings, in order to be ready to leave the gates at midnight, on his return to Algiers; for in the hot desert of that torrid clime, travellers venture not forth upon the road by day, but sleep in the shade, moving only by night. The astrologer had taken leave of the emperor before night, and not only received his rich reward in silver ingots, but the gratified empress placed upon his hand a diamond of great value, in token of her appreciation of his services.

Selim made his way through the horsemen of the escort that was to accompany the magician back to Algiers, who were in groups about the house where he dwelt, some in the saddle, others making ready their harness, others asleep.

He found the great Aldebrac alone in his room. He was engaged in watching the stars through his window, and was muttering to himself his calculations. Upon seeing Selim enter, he said, with a look of pleasure:

"Welcome, page! Thou hast come, I trust, to say thou hast changed thy mind, and will escort me back; for I like well thy company; and thy conversation betokens a mind above thy years. Go with me, and I will teach thee to read the stars, and foretell the events that are to happen on earth!"

"Mighty Aldebrac," answered Selim, with reverence, "I respect thy skill in reading the stars; but I would rather possess ten drops of the fluid in the three vials thou openedst to restore sight to the princess, than all the stars of heaven—were each a burning ruby!"

The astrologer fixed his star-penetrating gaze upon his eyes, as if they would penetrate to the very depths of his soul, and said, gravely:

"Young man, thou knowest not what thou speakest. Man and God behold the stars at the same instant! They are the link that unites the Creator with his lower universe!"

"I love to gaze upon them, and from them let my thoughts ascend to Him who hung them in the skies. I shall revere them no less to possess the boon I ask of thee! All my riches, with which the emperor has loaded me, I will give to purchase of thee a few drops from each vial!"

"Nay—I love thee! Thou shalt have what thou desirest, as a gift of my regard for thee. On my journey hither, thou hast won my heart."

"O, wilt thou, indeed, bestow this treasure upon me?" cried Selim, with emotion between doubt and hope.

"Thou shalt have what thou askest of me; but on one condition."

"Name it, my lord."

"That you return with me to Algiers! From thence thou mayst sail for Spain. I will then accompany thee to the Gibraltero of the Infidels, once the rock of our fathers' dominion. I go to restore sight to a Giaour maiden of high degree; for my fame has reached even Ispania!"

"It shall fill the world if thou bestowest on me my desire!" answered Selim.

"What wouldst thou do with it? But hark! the bugle of the escort sounds! I must soon be upon my camel. Wilt thou go with me, instead of taking this vessel that may be more weeks a-sea than we shall be days?"

"If it is the only condition—"

"I make it *the* condition of granting thy wish, for thy good company's sake," answered the magician, with a smile.

In an hour afterwards, the whole cavalcade, with its guarded treasure, with Aldebrac, and Selim riding at his side, left the city by starlight, and took the way across the desert, northwardly, guided in their course by the polar star.

CHAPTER XII.

THE scenes of this story are now once more transferred to Castle Montegle. Three years have passed since our hero, Philip, whom we trust the reader has not quite forgotten, left there to go to London. We have seen how he was pressed into the service of the king, on board the "Bucephalus;" and that, through the recognition of him by the Earl and Countess of Montegle, who were on board, passengers for Cadiz, he was released from duty on board, and permitted to return from that port to England at his pleasure.

We have also seen how, after his forcible departure from London, by the means of the advertisement of the half-pay captain, it was clearly shown that he was the long lost son of the Earl and Countess of Devon. We have seen them acknowledge the consanguinity from evidence not disputed by them, and how, at the request of the nobleman, his father, the Admiralty instructed the captain, Lord Manners, to give him his liberty, and send him at the crown's cost, on his way back to England.

The order from the Admiralty reached Cadiz in due time; but the "Bucephalus" had already resumed her voyage to Malta, having left at Cadiz not only the Earl and Countess of Montegle, but, as was reported to the Admiralty, "the pressed seaman, Philip." The report further stated that he had embarked, soon after the departure of the "Bucephalus," from which he was discharged, in a Spanish ship for London, there being no English vessel immediately sailing.

This intelligence being received at the Admiralty was duly made known to the Earl of Devon. With anxious hope, and with hearts yearning to embrace their long lost and now recovered son, the noble pair awaited the arrival of the "Carlos V.," the name of the vessel in which Philip was said to have taken his return passage for England. Twenty—thirty—thirty five days passed, and yet she arrived not. Daily the earl visited the Exchange, and examined the list of vessels in from sea. Thence he invariably stopped at the "Arrow Inn," to ask there if the captain, or Bolton the waterman, had, by chance, got any intelligence. The distinctions of rank seemed to be quite set aside when the heart was interested; and the countess would often spend an hour at the inn, talking with Dame Cresset about her son, and making her, over and over, describe his dress, his look, his eyes, the color of his hair, his mouth, his smile, his tone of voice, his step, his hands! and good Dame Cressot was never weary of the subject. The earl, at the same time, would hold discourse with the captain, and wonder at the detention; they would bring up all the instances of protracted passages they could hear of; but these comforted the earl but little; for three ships from Cadiz had already arrived that left a fortnight or eighteen days after the "Carlos V."

"We have only recovered our son to lose him again, unseen and unembraced!" said the countess, one day, after hope, long deferred, had made her heart sick.

"There yet is hope, dear lady," said the kind hostess.

"None! It is now fifty-four days. The 'Bucephalus' is already returning from Malta! The earl has learned that there was a great storm the day after the 'Carlos' left Cadiz; and without doubt the ship was wrecked on the coast of Spain, or of Portugal, and Henry perished!"

"Take heart, take heart, dear lady!" said the widow, whose own heart now sank within her; "Providence would not snatch him from the sea twelve years ago, and give you knowledge of his being alive, to cause him to perish before you see him."

But time passed on. Months elapsed, and, with total absence of all tidings of the ship, died all hopes in the bosoms of the noble earl and countess of embracing on earth their lost son—now twice lost to them!

At length three years passed by, and they had not ceased to mourn him whom they had once more assigned to a grave beneath the sea. About this time, the Earl of Monteagle, who for three years had faithfully served the crown at Madrid, as minister to the Spanish court, returned on a visit of a few weeks to his estates. This visit had been rendered imperative by the fall in battle, with a French frigate, of the brave brother of the countess—Captain Lord Manners. Lady Berkely Manners, his widow, yielding to her grief at his loss, was rapidly going into a decline.

"We must return for a time," said the earl, on hearing this news at Madrid. "Our dear child, Agnes, must now be ever with us, since her unfortunate blindness is to be for life."

The evening after the return of Lord and Lady Monteagle to their castle, the Lady Manners was laid in the tomb beneath the chancel of the village church.

"You must now return to Spain with us, dear Agnes," said the Countess Eleanora, as they were seated in the castle, at the lattice of which three years before, Radnor Cathcart had stood and observed the maiden write the name "Philip" on the air with the point of the golden arrow; and at which Philip, a few days afterwards had taken leave of her, to go up to London.

"And you have no doubt, my more than mother, that I am the daughter of Lord Robert Clan-William?" after some silent thought, asked Agnes, now in her nineteenth year, and, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her blindness had lent a pensive cast to her sweet face, and given a spiritual and soul-inward look to her soft eyes. She appeared like an angel, who is compelled to dwell for a time on earth, but is ever thinking of the heaven whence she came.

"The necklace which Alice found upon your neck, and which my brother, Lord Manners, took up to London, has been recognized at the Herald's Office, where he left it before going to sea. We heard yesterday that it was claimed by Lady Clan-William! And we look for her here every hour!"

"To see me?" cried Agnes, with trembling lips, and turning pale.

"But not to take her from me!" said Dame Alice, decidedly—the decision of firm affection.

This faithful and true friend of Agnes had for three years watched over her "daughter of the sea," as she termed her, and was now present, looking no longer wild and weird-like, but calm and affectionate.

"If she takes her, you will not be left behind, Alice," said the Countess of Monteagle.

"And if Lady Clan-William be my mother?"

"She is kind as well as noble. I know her intimately, Agnes. You will almost forget me, I fear, when you see her."

"See her? Would that I could *see* her, dear Lady Eleanora, if she be indeed my mother!"

"Pardon me! I was careless in the word I used."

"And my father?—if she be my mother!" asked Agnes, with deep interest.

The countess looked embarrassed, and then said: "He has been a great many years dead."

Alice started, and became deadly pale! She recollected where and how, fifteen years ago, she had hid him in the dungeon of the old tower on the cliff. She had not from that hour till the present thought of him! Her own danger and imminent peril of death had cast him quite out of her mind.

"Dead? Lord Robin dead!"

"Yes, Alice. He has been many years dead."

"In the—the—cavern—"

The countess made a sign for her to be silent. She obeyed, but her looks betrayed her curiosity and deep interest in the interdicted subject.

"He has been years dead," added the countess; "but you will be a source of consolation to your mother, who has passed a life of sad and secluded widowhood."

At this moment the earl entered, and announced their expected guests to be in sight upon the road. The countess left Agnes, trembling with anxiety and nervous hope, to receive the noble widow of Lord Robin, whose terrible death in the tower the reader is familiar with.

The Lady Clan-William, upon an interview with the earl and countess on her arrival at the castle, showed them clearly that Agnes must be her daughter. She explained to them how that she had taken passage in a barque, at London, to go to her brother, a Scottish lord, near Inverness, after the treason and crime of her husband, Lord Robert; and that the vessel was wrecked off the tower, already known to the reader. She stated that she had been washed ashore some miles above the tower upon a piece of the ship, and that a fisherwoman rescued her, and entreated her with hospitality for several days; and that finally her son had conveyed her to the nearest town. Here she made known her desolate situation to her brother, who came for her, and took her to his home.

"My child," she added, "I gave up for lost. I mourned for it for years, and left not my brother's secluded home; for he was now my all, as my erring husband's estate had been confiscated to the crown. But a few weeks ago, my brother being in London, saw in the papers how that a costly necklace, found upon a female child, shipwrecked fifteen years ago, was deposited at the Herald's Office for recognition. On his return he described it to me, and said he believed that it once belonged to Agnes. I at once clung to the hope, hastened to London, and recognized the bracelet by her initials graven beneath the braided hair in the clasp. I am now here, dear Lady Monteagle, to see if in this young girl I can recognize my daughter."

She was soon ushered into the room where Agnes was seated, helplessly, as usual, in her arm-chair. Lady Clan-William gazed a moment upon the lovely face, each instant the light of maternal recognition brightening her countenance.

"Agnes! do you know your dear mother's voice?" she suddenly called out, with emotion.

"Mother—O, my mother! my dear, dear mother!" cried Agnes, extending her hands, "I hear you—I know those tones! You are my own—my lost—my beloved mother!"

In an instant they were folded in one another's arms, and so clung they together that it seemed they would mingle into one. Lady Monteagle wept, and Dame Alice let the tears trickle unheeded adown her wrinkled cheeks.

A few days passed of such happiness as earth seldom bestows upon its children. The time at length arrived that the earl should return to his post at Madrid. Lady Clan-William consented to accompany them with Agnes, who now would not for a moment be separated from her newfound mother. The earl had insisted that Agnes ought to go to Spain, for he said he had heard there of the reputation of a great Arabian magician and alchymist, who had restored sight to the eyes of many blind persons.

"It was our intention," he said, to Lady Clan-William, "to have taken her back with us, that the skill of this person, who often comes into Spain from Barbary, may be tested in her case."

"Whatever holds out any hope for the recovery of her sight, must not be untried," said her mother; and so it was decided that they should sail with them.

Three weeks afterwards, the whole party were in London, waiting the sailing of their frigate. At the hotel where they lodged, the earl happily met his friend, Lord Devon, whom he had not seen for some years, and who was on the eve of embarking for a tour in the East. Dining together the following day, the latter alluded to the proposed voyage to Cadiz by the earl, and sorrowfully remarked:

"We can never, Lady Devon and I, think of Cadiz without emotion. One dear to us, who embarked there for London three years ago, never reached England. He was lost at sea!"

"May I ask of what friend you speak?" asked Lord Monteagle, with a look and tone of sympathy.

"Of our son—our only son, Henry! The history of this dear boy is one full of painful interest. Twice lost to us—twice given up as dead!"

Here, at the request of the earl and countess, and while Agnes, as well as Dame Alice, were listeners, Lord Devon recounted what the reader already knows of the narrative of Philip, up to the time of the expected return from Cadiz in the Spanish ship.

This account was heard by the earl and countess, and not less so by Agnes, with the deepest surprise. And when the earl made known to Lord and Lady Devon what he knew of Philip, their amazement was unbounded; while their regret at his death was increased when they heard him spoken of with such praise by their noble friends.

"You have no doubt," said the earl, "of his being your son?"

"None, my lord," answered Lady Devon. "The silver cup—the prayer book found upon him, with our arms and my name, assure us! But, I should have known him without any hesitation had it pleased Heaven to give him back to us. Upon each arm he had tattooed a strange gipsey mark."

"What was it, my lady?" asked Dame Alice.

"A crocodile on one wrist, and a fish on the other! The gipsies would often camp about our castle, and once we missed Henry for a whole day. When at length he was found in their encampment, his arms bore these signs, which they said were a charm for good luck. Being pricked in in Hindoo ink, they are indelible."

"He is without doubt your son, then," said the earl; "for I noticed on his left arm, as he drew his arrow hard to the head on the archery ground, the crocodile. It struck me then as a singular device; but as seamen and fishermen often tattoo themselves, I did not think of it again. Now I distinctly recall it to mind!"

"Too late! Our child is lost forever to us!" said the Countess of Devon, with deep emotion.

We now change the scene of our tale to the fortress of Gibraltar. A month has elapsed, and the whole party, whom we left in London, are guests in the lordly mansion of the commander of the gigantic fortress. The next month, Lord and Lady Devon were to continue their voyage to Constantinople, while the earl and his family were to remain to test the skill of the famed Arabian magician, who, to the nobleman's great gratification, he learned was in Algiers. Thither he at once sent to invite him, with offers of a large sum, to visit Gibraltar.

We now return to Aldebrac and Selim. In due time they reached Algiers; and here the magician communicated to the page the secret of preparing the three fluids, and, at the same time, presented him, with great ceremony, three small vials.

Selim was now all impatience to embark for Europe; and Aldebrac having received the earl's message, said he would depart the day after the year, then drawing to its close, completed the horoscopic cycle.

At length the two took ship together, on board of a Portuguese trading vessel, that came to Algiers with tribute. The fifth day, thereafter, they anchored within the shadow of Gibraltar. It was night when Aldebrac reached the town from the vessel, accompanied by Selim. The latter followed him to an ancient quarter of the city, where dwelt chiefly Moors and Jews. After devious windings through narrow and dark streets, which seemed familiar to the astrologer's tread, he stopped before an old house, built in the Oriental style. Here he was welcomed by a bearded man, whose features betrayed his Moorish origin.

The two men conversed long together, while Selim, fatigued, slept, clasping his precious vials to his breast; while his goat-skin bag, filled with gold and precious stones, lay carelessly near him.

About midnight he was awaked by a deep, muttered cry and a heavy fall. Springing to his feet, he saw by the moonlight the astrologer lying bleeding upon the stone floor, and gasping with the suffocation of death. He attempted to raise him up, but the body fell back with the lifeless weight of clay. The spirit of the astrologer had flown beyond the stars. The soul of the magician had gone to the mysteries of another life!

Selim was amazed at the suddenness of the catastrophe. He saw no one in the room, but he fancied he had caught sight of a dark form gliding from the spot as he awoke. Suspecting robbery as the cause of the murder, he felt for the old man's sack of diamonds and pearls, into which he had converted his wealth, and it had been torn from his neck.

"The host has slain the guest for his gold!" said Selim. "I, also, must fly! But happy am I to have secured this great secret for restoring vision, before it perished with him forever."

The next day, the Earl of Monteagle, who had been for several days past sending to the abode to know if the Arabian magician had yet arrived, sent again! Selim, in the meanwhile, had sought other lodgings, and in the morning had given information to the authorities of the robbery and murder. When the earl's messenger arrived at the door, he found a press of people about it; and learning the fate of the astrologer, was about to hasten to the fortress to inform his master, when Selim, learning why he had come, said: "When thou seest thy master, say to him that though the astrologer is no more, he has an apprentice to his art, who has equal power to give sight to the blind. If he will send for me, I will come. Who is thy lord? Who is the patient?"

But before the man could reply, a party of soldiers coming up, separated them.

"I will, at least, do this lady good, for whose relief my poor master, Aldebrac, was sent for—if relief be possible. I will test the virtue of the vials on this lord of Gibraltar's daughter,—"

"Wert thou not with the Moorish magician when he was slain?" suddenly demanded an officer at his side.

"Yes, he was slain within reach of where I slept."

"Come with us—we need your testimony!"

It was late in the day before Selim was permitted to go by the examining judge. The assassin was proven to be the host, as on his person was found the bag of jewels. The jewels were given into Selim's possession, and the murderer conducted to prison.

"Come with me, Sir Moor?" said a soldier, addressing him, as he left the hall of judgment. "My lord the general and his guests wait thee!"

Selim followed the man to the fortress; entering its massive gateway, he was led across a broad court, and into a stately residence, above which floated the crimson folds of the banner of the British Isles. It was an hour before sunset, and the golden radiance of his western light flooded a gorgeous banqueting room, where sat around a table, from which the feast had long since given place to a rich display of tropical fruits, the white haired commander of the castle, Earl and the Countess of Monteagle, Lady Clan-William, Lord and Lady Devon, Agnes, and others. In the room were attendants, and good Dame Alice was not far from the side of her favorite "child of the sea."

"You say you read this news of Lord Cranstown's suicide in the Times?" asked the Earl of Monteagle, with a look of surprise, at an announcement by the commander of the castle.

"A crocodile on one wrist, and a fish on the other! The gipsies would often camp about our castle, and once we missed Henry for a whole day. When at length he was found in their encampment, his arms bore these signs, which they said were a charm for good luck. Being pricked in in Hindoo ink, they are indelible."

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"Because I have confidence in my power! I have heard that there is here a maiden who is so unhappy as to have lost her sight. He who came at your command to restore it, is no more. His art lives with me. If you will permit me to behold the lady, I will say if it is in my power to benefit her by my skill."

"He speaks fair," said the old officer.

"Agnes," said the earl, looking towards the lovely daughter of Lady Clan-William, "thou hearest! Will you consent?"

"Do not tremble thus," said the countess and her mother, going to her where she was seated in a recess of the window, shaking like the leaf of an aspen, and deadly pale.

"What wilt thou do?" demanded the earl, without heeding this by-scene.

"I will use only a liquid."

"I am calmer now," said Agnes. "I was only overcome! I feel that I ought to let this young man try his skill. There is something in the sound of his voice that gives me a strange confidence in him!"

"Behold thy patient!" said the earl, conducting Selim to where Agnes sat. The young Arab, in his turn, was now visibly under the influence of some sudden emotion.

"He trembles!—he doubts! He must not be trusted!" said Lady Clan-William.

At this moment he stood before Agnes. He had no sooner beheld her than a new agitation seemed to seize him. He started back!—he seemed about to fall! But recovering himself, he said, firmly:

"My lord, I will cure her!"

"Agnes, wilt thou consent?" asked Lady Devon. "He looks so noble and frank that I could trust my life in his hand."

"He shall try! I have full trust in him!" she answered, in a voice tremulous and liquid with some strange inward joy.

The maiden, by Selim's order, placed her head between the hands of the Countess Monteagle. Her countenance was pale, but expressed firmness and trust.

There was the most intense expectation visible on the faces of all present as Selim took from a pearl casket the three vials which the magician had given to him. His hand trembled—and the reader will begin by this time to perceive why—as he drew the golden stoppers. But when he took up the first vial, to pour into those beautiful but sightless eyes, that looked up to him like twin heavens from beneath, his hand became firm.

The crimson oil overflowed the fair eyes, which seemed to be filled with blood to the sight of those who gazed on. He then took the vial of transparent fluid, and poured a drop upon each pupil, whispering:

"Be firm and do not shrink. The pain will be severe; but only for a moment."

A slight moan escaped her. The next moment a third vial had been used, and her eyes were quickly bandaged. Scarcely had he tied the knot, when a loud shriek thrilled to every heart! Every eye turned to Lady Devon. She stood pointing to the bared arm of Selim, who had put back his sleeve in operating upon Agnes's eyes.

"A crocodile!" exclaimed the Earl of Monteagle.

"It is my son—my living, lost son!" cried Lady Devon, rushing towards him.

"Stay! Let us question him!" said Lord Monteagle. "Young man, are you a Moor?"

"No, my Lord Monteagle! I am an Englishman, I believe. I am surprised you did not recognize me, as soon as I did you! I am Philip, the shell-gatherer—who—"

"Is it true! Thou art he!" cried the amazed earl.

"And my son!" shrieked Lady Devon.

"Art thou he who, three years ago, left in London a silver cup, and was pressed on the 'Bucephalus?'" demanded Lord Devon.

"The same, my lord. I embarked from Cadiz, and was captured, with the ship I was in, by a Moorish cruiser, and made a slave to the Prince of Morocco. After three years service, he gave me, a few weeks ago, my freedom. I there obtained knowledge from the great magician, Aldebrac, of the art I have just now exercised upon the eyes of the Lady Agnes."

It would be impossible with pen and ink to portray the scene of joy and excitement that followed. Lord and Lady Devon clasped him in their two fold embrace, and recognized him as their long lost but recovered son. Who shall paint, also, his surprise and joy?

All this while, Agnes was seated with bandaged eyes. Her ears heard all, and her heart bounded with the wildest joy. She had already half recognized the voice as Philip's, but believing him dead, the resemblance only touched her, and led to no suspicions of the truth; it only gave her confidence in one who spoke in a tone so much like his, whose image was dearest to her heart.

"When will Agnes see?" asked Lady Monteagle, with tears of joy sparkling in her eyes at the happy scenes of recovery, recognition and re-union she had just passed through.

"This moment, if she can see again," answered, no longer Philip, no longer Selim, but Lord Henry Devon, with a voice full of his newly awakened happiness.

He approached her, removed the bandage, and bathing her eyes freely with water, as he had seen the astrologer do in the Moorish prince's palace, he removed the pressure of his fingers, and said: "Agnes—look about you!"

"I see—I see you all! I behold your face dear, noble Philip! my deliverer! Heaven bless you forevermore!"

Thus speaking with the outbursts of her feelings, she threw herself upon his breast, and the lovers mingled their tears of joy together! No one, for a moment, spoke! It was a scene too sacred and holy to be interrupted.

The tale is done! It need not be told that they all returned to England a happy party; that the lovers were united at Monteagle castle; and that the half-pay captain won for his part of the spoils, the fair hand of the widow of "The Arrow."

THE END.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S. G. WOODLEY.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

I am fading from earth, from its fountains and flowers,
Where the sunbeam of day softly dreams;
I am fading away in life's odorous hours,
More glad than the ripple of streams;
But I hush my wild heart, to the Father I pray
That the daisy and primrose may bloom,
And the violet shine like a star o'er this clay,
When it is laid down in the tomb!

I am fading away, from the vine-covered home,
Where a fond mother smiles for me still,
Yet oft will my form to her lone musings come,
When the chords of sad memory thrill;
And then she will weep that I died like a rose
That is nipped 'neath the autumn wind's breath,
That all the green leaves of my sweet sunny youth,
Turned sere in the cold grasp of death!

I am fading away from the dreams that I planned,
To live in the bright future days,
Before there was ever one shadow of care
To dim the fresh light of my ways;
But I'm thinking to-night, in the red sunset light,
How lonely thy earth path will be,
Weeping not that I go from earth's beauty and bloom—
I am fading, beloved, from thee!

You will bring the young flowers of the seasons to twine
O'er the grave that hath hid me so soon,
You will weep that a heart full of true love like mine
Hath so early been called to the tomb;
Yet believe as I fade from joys I have known,
That have long been so cherished by me,
The last bitter thought—it is this one alone—
That now I am going from thee.

But I still my wild heart, and look up to the skies,
Where dwelleth Our Father in love;
I know he will wipe these sad tears from mine eyes,
For no parting cometh above.
O, a low voice is saying these words to my soul,
"When the summer stars shine on the sea,
Thou wilt wander no more on this beautiful earth—"
I am fading, beloved, from thee!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WHITE SATIN SHOE.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

THE performances were over at the theatre, and the audience dispersing. In one of the private boxes stood a young man, waiting for the crowd to clear the building, and amusing himself meanwhile by watching the various faces in the throng below. At last he left the theatre, but had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a small, white object in a corner, revealed by the street lamp, met his eye. Picking it up, he discovered it to be a little satin slipper.

On examination, the young man found it must have been made for a remarkably small and elegant foot. It was daintily constructed, and had been worn several times, yet the shape was uninjured, which proved that the owner had not squeezed an ordinary sized foot into a tight shoe. Struck with admiration, the gentleman placed it in his pocket, and hastened to his home, which was an elegant villa just outside the city.

Julian D'Epinay was the only child of the wealthiest merchant of Lyons; he had been educated at Paris, and since then had travelled over Europe, viewing every scene with an artist's eye; perhaps D'Epinay was a little too fastidious, for although he had been intending to marry for several years, no young lady whom he had yet seen reached his standard, and in consequence, Julian D'Epinay had reached the age of twenty-six without ever having his heart reached. But as he gazed upon the slipper and noted its exquisite proportions, he was firmly convinced that the owner must be beautiful and refined, while an invincible desire to see her took possession of him. He mentioned the incident to several of his most intimate friends, but they laughed at his romance, and D'Epinay resolved to search in silence for the future. His eagerness to discover this modern Cinderilla led him into many curious adventures, but still he persevered, and as he was wealthy and accountable to no one, the whim was passed off as an eccentricity.

On the road from Lyons to Villebranche stood a lovely little cottage ornee, occupied by Madame Morel and her niece Maria Avallon. The aunt was a middle aged, kind-hearted lady, who had brought up her young relation from early childhood, and it was not her fault if Marie was not spoilt; but the latter had too much good sense and good temper not to appreciate the affection so liberally bestowed, without abusing it, and thus at the age of sixteen, Marie Avallon was a lovely girl in every sense of the word. The housekeeper, Dame Margaret, was as proud of her young lady as possible, and was always predicting some wonderful match for her favorite, who declared it would be dreadful to be a person of consequence, and tossed her long, dark curls from her face, as though with the action she shook off all care for the future. But soon a change came, and Marie could no longer laugh away her troubles. Madame Morel was taken suddenly ill, and in the space of three months the young girl was left alone.

By her aunt's will, Marie was the heiress of all her property, which was sufficient for the comforts of life, and Dame Margaret was consoled with the thought that her darling would not be obliged to support herself. But what was her dismay at finding that the person to whose hands Madame Morel had committed her affairs for several years, was a deceitful knave, who intended to defraud the young girl out of everything her aunt had left.

In spite of Margaret's exertions his villany was successful, nor was this the worst feature in the case, for the worthless fellow plainly intimated that he would permit Miss Avallon to retain the house, and would himself supply all the means for her various expenses, on condition of her receiving him as a friend. When insult was added to injury, the young girl was roused from the lethargy of her grief, and replied to the despicable wretch with an indignant energy and scorn that fairly cowed him, for like most mean spirited persons he was a great coward.

He then attempted from revenge, to injure the character of Marie, but she was as universally known and beloved, as he was detested and hated, so he failed in that intention; but as he proceeded to extremities, and threatened to turn the young girl out of doors, Dame Margaret wrote to a nephew residing in Lyons, and gathering together her few effects, assumed the guardianship of Marie, insisting that she should accompany her to Lyons. On their arrival they entered the family of Jean Vaison, Margaret's nephew.

The good woman did not wish Marie to exert herself in the least for a maintenance, but the young girl would not consent to a life of idleness, so Claudine (Vaison's wife) obtained embroidery for her, which Margaret always brought and carried home, frequently purchasing articles from her own savings for Marie, against which the latter as often protested.

But the close application which Marie imposed on herself was showing its effects in the pale cheeks of the young girl, and Dame Margaret insisted that she should accompany Jean and his wife to a ball, which was shortly to take place, and although somewhat averse to going, Marie at last yielded to the united persuasions of the family.

The evening arrived Margaret brought out the remains of Marie's once handsome wardrobe, and entered into the preparations with delight. When she surveyed her favorite in a pretty white dress, the luxuriant curls loosed from confinement, as in former times, and ornamented with flowers, her satisfaction was complete.

"Ah! now you are like yourself!" she exclaimed, "but you are not going to wear those black kid slippers, surely?"

"Why not?" inquired Marie, with a smile.

"It would be a thousand pities, when you have such an elegant pair of white satin shoes, and such pretty feet too."

"Now pray don't make me vain, dear Margaret, for on that condition only will I wear the shoes."

With a pleased smile, the good dame produced two fairy like slippers from their wrappings, and placed them on Marie's beautifully formed feet, with inexpressible satisfaction.

"Now dance a little for me," she exclaimed, and the young girl laughingly complied. As she gracefully went through several changes, Margaret said with a most prophetic and exulting tone:

"Ah! depend upon it, there will something come of this ball."

"Ah yes!" laughed Marie, "let me finish the lesson, for I have it by heart—' and a handsome young lord will happen to see me and fall in love directly: then, of course he will propose immediately, and I shall at last condescend to confer a favor upon him by accepting his heart, hand, and fortune. Then there will be a grand wedding with'—how many bridesmaids is it, Margaret? O, six, I believe'—' and then you will come and live with me always,' and that's the prospected 'History of Marie Avellon and Prince ——.' There have I not got it all by heart?"

"Ah! my dear child, you laugh at old Margaret now, but wait awhile and see, wait and see," she replied with a sagacious nod.

"I think very likely I shall, although it will require a deal of self-denial when everything appears so near accomplishment," Marie replied with a merry laugh; "but you speak of it in a very threatening tone, I'm sure I have not the least objection to the realization of all your bright air-castles, dear dame;" and by this time, all being ready, the party started off, leaving Margaret to keep the house.

"Dear child! She jests at her misfortunes and hardships, ah! what a thing youth is; but I do believe she will be a grand lady yet," and with a sigh the good woman proceeded to put the apartment in order.

The evening passed slowly, and when she began to expect their return, she was surprised to see a carriage drive up to the door, and the next moment a ring at the gate. Hurrying down, Marie peeped from the coach window and said: "Please bring me a shoe, for I've lost one of my slippers."

The shoe was brought, and Marie entered the house, when she speedily explained the matter to the astonished Margaret. Just as she was leaving the ball-room with her friends, they met a crowd and got wedged against a wall; when there was a slight opening, and Jean attempted to help them forward, some one from behind trod upon Marie's foot, and in extricating herself she lost her slipper. Jean then called a coach, and putting her in it, proceeded to walk home with Claudine and another young lady.

"So you see, dame, the wonderful result of to night is the loss of my slipper."

"Never mind; it's like the fairy story of Cinderilla, and who knows what may come of it?"

Marie was greatly amused at Margaret's unconquerable propensity to prophesy, and so the matter dropped.

Meanwhile Julian D'Epinay was diligently searching about for the owner of the little slipper; every lady whom he saw at a distance with a small foot was eagerly pursued, until a fair view of the member in question proved that it had never worn the shoe, and at last Julian declared all the women with large feet in Lyons had taken to walking the street for his annoyance.

But one lucky day the bright idea occurred, that having lost her slipper, the owner must have been obliged to ride home: immediately a search among the hackmen commenced, and, joy of joys, the fortunate individual who had driven the young lady, remembered having taken up a young woman in the Rue Thomassin who had lost a shoe.

To the eyes of D'Epinay, the man's countenance as he recalled the circumstance, was a fine study, his voice was charming as he narrated it, and in a state of delight, Julian rewarding the driver, started in the direction of the fair unknown's abode.

It was with some hesitation that D'Epinay applied for admittance. What if the young lady should be homely or coarse? But a glance at the slipper dispelled these hurried thoughts, and when Dame Margaret opened the door, he had fully determined to proceed to the end to satisfy himself.

"Is there a young lady residing here who recently lost a shoe in the street?"

With a start of surprise the good woman replied:

"There is such a person in the house, sir; do you wish to see her?" and Margaret's heart began to beat very triumphantly as she glanced at the elegant appearance of the stranger.

"I should like to see the young lady, if it is convenient," D'Epinay replied, with earnestness, and opening the door of the little parlor, she bade the young man enter, when a most beautiful sight met his admiring gaze. Bending over a stand of plants, her face half hidden by the long, dark brown curls, and wearing a white morning dress tied with a sash of blue ribbon, stood Marie, singing gaily to herself, and occasionally removing a faded leaf or bud with her dainty fingers.

At the sound of the opening door she turned quickly round, and with a bright blush mantling her lovely face, ceased her song, and stood still in confusion. D'Epinay was perfectly enchanted with the young girl, and said:

"Do not let me disturb you, mademoiselle, I did not mean to intrude."

A pair of deep, rich blue eyes were raised, and in a sweet voice she replied:

"It is nothing, sir," and then looked inquiringly at Margaret for an explanation, but D'Epinay continued:

"I believe I have something which belongs to you."

"To me, sir!" Marie exclaimed in amazement.

"Do you not own this slipper?" Julian inquired, as he produced the slipper from its wrapping.

With a deeper blush than before, the young girl took it, saying:

"I confess that it is mine, sir, but how came it in your possession, and stranger still, how did you know who its owner was?"

"That is a long story, mademoiselle, but if you wish, I will relate the circumstances by which I found the shoe and its wearer."

D'Epinay then narrated the search he had made, and requested permission to continue an acquaintance so singularly begun, and which Fortune herself seemed to have designed. In compliance with Margaret's evident desire, Marie assented to this proposition, and it soon became evident that she was not destined to remain Marie Avallon long.

D'Epinay ascertained the high character which the young girl had always sustained, and he immediately offered himself for her acceptance. In due time a magnificent wedding took place, and in spite of herself, Marie fulfilled the good dame's prediction to the letter, for not only did Dame Margaret preside over the beautiful villa as housekeeper, but Jacques the hackman, was installed as coachman, to his infinite delight and astonishment.

The charming little cottage ornee was rescued from the clutches of the grasping notary, and every summer Marie visits Jean and his wife who reside there. Thus all who were in any way connected with the young girl, or instrumental in bringing about the match were benefited by the generous D'Epinay, who considered himself more and more fortunate, as every year unfolded some new excellence in his beautiful wife; and although since then Marie has worn many a more costly slipper, with jewelled rosettes (for her husband is very proud of her little feet), the renowned pair repose side by side most lovingly in a glass case, held sacred to themselves, and always shown in connection with the story of "The White Satin Shoe."

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

The Oswego Palladium tells a strange story about spirits, of which a contemporary says the following is an outline sketch: "The spirits have recently been cutting up queer pranks in and about the house of a gentleman who resides near Oswego. Two females belonging to the family were surprised just at dark one evening, while in a wood-house, at hearing chips thrown against the door. On opening they found chips flying about merrily in the air, and no person in sight. A gentleman who went out at their request to see who was doing the mischief, found the chips whirling in all directions. He went into the dwelling and closed the door, and soon two sticks of wood were thrown against it. Then the restless chips, untouched by mortal fingers, began to gyrate about the room where the ladies were sitting. Five adult persons witnessed this manifestation in utter amazement. The hired girl in the kitchen had water spattered all over her, and it was sprinkled upon the clothes that were ironed and hanging in the room. They hung there through the night, and in the morning were found smooth and dry, and indicated that the spirits had busied themselves during the 'silent watches' at the pastime of ironing. Other manifestations have taken place in the same house. Tables have indulged in the amusement of standing on one, two, and three legs, and some have been lifted towards the ceiling when no person was near them! 'Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?'"

LILLIPUTIAN WATCHES.

When the third George presided over the destinies of the British empire (and a beautiful fist he made of it), he was presented by a London watchmaker with a watch set in a ring. Its face was less in circumference than a five cent piece; its works numbered one hundred and twenty five pieces, and weighed a little over five pennyweights. It was a perfect time-keeper. Charles V., of Spain, had a watch, which was confined in the jewel of his ring. We, ourself, have seen watches so diminutive that a quarter dollar, if placed on one of them would hide it from the sight; and have been told that at Geneva watches are not unfrequently made so small that a micro-cope of eight hundred linear power is required to mark on them? The reader is not called upon to believe this story, but if he questions it, let him proceed at once to Geneva, and see if "this thing is so," for himself. At our Crystal Palace exposition there were watches exhibited not larger in diameter than one of our gold dollars, of the first coinage. These would have taken a "first prize," if the jury sent to examine them had not been purblind. They could not see them! So much for small watches. Now bring on your large ones!—*N. Y. Express.*

If every one would mend *one*, all would be mended.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY E. M. RODNEY.

I think of thee in the night,
When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale sad light,
To sit on the lonely hill,
Where the stars are all like dreams,
And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from far-off streams,
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think of thee by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy low sweet tone,
And thy sweet smile I see,
My heart—my heart were all alone,
But for its thoughts of thee.

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

SOMETHING more than two hundred years ago, at the close of a sultry summer day, a peasant, who resided in the environs of a village at no great distance from the city of Naples, was seated at the threshold of his cabin, resting his wearied limbs after many hours of hard toil, and scanning the aspect of the sky with the air of a man whom long experience had rendered a judge of the signs and tokens of the weather. The horizon presented a continuous chain of black clouds, rapidly mounting towards the zenith, where the moon, now near the full, was wading through a mass of red and angry vapors. Over Gaeta the vapory cumuli seemed densest and most threatening, but the storm was evidently advancing with rapid strides. Indeed, the thunder had begun to mutter in the distance, flashes of lightning had reddened the dusky expanse of the peerless bay of Naples, and as a few big drops of rain fell pattering over the broad vine-leaves that overhung his door, Pasquale (for so the peasant was named) rose, with the intention of seeking shelter in the house.

But, ere he put his purpose into execution, his footsteps were arrested by the appearance of a young man of eighteen or twenty, who advanced towards him, bearing an iron-shod staff, and clad in garments betokening extreme poverty, if not mendicity. He had no covering upon his head, save that furnished by nature, a luxuriant mass of black hair, that was now floating in black elf-locks on the fitful wings of the rising wind. His sandals were old and torn, and a huge wallet of goat skin was suspended at his side by a leather strap, which passed across his shoulders. Yet the bearing of the stranger youth was proud and lofty; his look was resolute, and perhaps even haughty, while his eyes burned with the intensity of living coals of fire.

"Friend," said he to the peasant, in the tone of a superior, "canst thou direct me to some inn, where I can find a bed and bit of supper for my money?"

"I know of but one inn on this road," answered the peasant, scanning his questioner curiously, "and that does not enjoy the best repute. Beside, it is so far off, that you will be drenched to the skin before you can reach it. Therefore, I propose to you, since you may go farther and fare worse, to stop at my house, where I can give you bed and board, if that is all you seek."

"Good," said the young man; "but in the first place, my good fellow, let's agree upon the price. I hate to haggle after my supper."

"Young man," said the peasant, pointing to the door of his humble cottage, "do you see any sign there?"

"No."

"Well, you can understand then, that it is not an inn. I don't sell my hospitality. I am no innkeeper."

"And I am no beggar," answered the other, haughtily. "Rather than accept food and lodgings as a gratuity from a stranger, I would walk to Rome."

By this time the rain had commenced in downright earnest, and the prospect of a tramp in the storm was anything but agreeable to a wayworn traveller. Still there is no question that the youth would have resumed his journey, had not the peasant replied:

"Well, then, since you will not accept a poor man's hospitality, I must, for the nonce, play the part of an innkeeper. But I beg you will rely on my honor. I will not fleece you unmercifully."

"Agreed," said the youth, and he followed his host into the cottage. The inmates were the peasant's wife, son and daughter. The pedestrian was welcomed with courtesy and kindness. There were no suspicions or pitying glances cast at his attire, no prying questions asked, and he was soon made to feel himself at home.

"And now," said the peasant, "do you still insist on paying your score, as if you were at an inn?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," replied the stranger, grasping his hand, while tears came into his eyes; "my foolish pride deserved the mild rebuke it has received. I accept your hospitality with thankfulness, for to tell you the truth, my purse is very low, and I have but half a piastre left to take me to Rome."

"You are going to Rome, then?"

"Yes—there lies fortune—there lies glory. I am a painter; and in the Eternal City I will make a name or die."

In the morning, before his departure, the young man drew from his pocket a scrap of canvass, some pencils and colors, and in a few moments sketched, with a bold and decided hand, a wild mountain scene, the reminiscence of one of his studies in the Abruzzi, which he presented to his friends as a souvenir. The peasant affixed it to the wall of his only room, where it hung beneath a rude image of the Virgin, and was afterwards regarded with almost equal reverence.

Some years afterwards, a magnificent carriage with outriders, the horses splendidly harnessed, and covered with foam, drew up at the door of the peasant's cottage. A cavalier of middle-age, gaily attired in silk and velvet, the plume in his hat fastened by a cluster of brilliants, and his sword-hilt garnished with precious stones, sprang from the carriage, and entered the cottage. Scarcely nodding to the master of the house, his eyes were at once arrested by the picture on the wall.

"That sketch strikes my fancy," said he; "what will you sell it for?"

"It is not for sale," replied the peasant.

"I am an amateur of pictures," replied the visitor, "and have the means of gratifying my whims. You are not overburdened with wealth, I should imagine. I offer you a hundred ducats for that sketch."

"It was the gift of a young friend," replied the peasant; "and poor as I am, signor, no money will tempt me to part with it."

"Come to my arms, Pasquale," said the gentleman, warmly. "I see there is some goodness in this wide world, yet. Yes, my friend, I am the poor youth who requited your hospitality by painting you that little picture. I am now better able to reward you. I have made name and fame in Rome, and I propose to make you comfortable for life."

"I am already comfortable," said the peasant. "I desire nothing more—and am as averse to receiving aid as you were when you first presented yourself at this door."

"Farewell, then, my old friend," said the painter. "We shall meet again. I go to Naples, to liberate my native city. The hilt of the sword is as familiar to my grasp, as the handle of the pencil. Addio! we shall meet again!"

On a dark, and stormy night, the peasant was aroused from his slumbers by a knock at his door. He sprang from his couch, opened the door, and recoiled before the ghastly apparition of a phantom clad in black, a drawn sword in his hand, his hair and beard in wild disorder. It was the painter.

"Pasquale," he said, in a hollow voice, "I have come to bid you a last farewell. Naples has fallen—Aniello is poisoned—I return to Rome to die. I fought till all was lost, and I am the last survivor of the Cavaliers of Death. Farewell! farewell!"

The peasant would fain have detained and sheltered him; but with a wild and excited air, the painter waved him back. A black horse, foaming and pawing with impatience, stood beside him. He vaulted into the saddle, and struck the animal with his spurs and with the flat of his sword. The fierce charger bounded forward with the speed of an arrow loosed from an arbalist—his career was traced by the trail of sparks his shoes dashed from the flinty path, and after he was lost from sight the ring of his hoofs echoed from among the hills, till his furious gallop died away in the distance. The peasant returned to his bed overwhelmed with astonishment and sorrow.

Reader, the painter was SALVATOR ROSA.

HADRIAN AND THE PLANTER.

The Emperor Hadrian, passing near Tiberias, in Galilee, observed an old man digging a large trench in order to plant some fig-trees. "Hadst thou properly employed the morning of thy life," said Hadrian, "thou needst not have worked so hard in the evening of thy days." "I have well employed my early days, nor will I neglect the evening of my life; and let God do with me as he thinks best," replied the man. "How old mayest thou be, good man?" asked the emperor. "A hundred years," was the reply. "What," exclaimed Hadrian, "a hundred years old art thou, and still planting trees? Canst thou, then, hope ever to enjoy the fruits of thy labor?" Great king," rejoined the hoary-headed man, "yes, I do hope, if God permit, I may even eat the fruit of these very trees, if not, my children will. Have not my forefathers planted trees for me, and shall I not do the same for my children?" Hadrian, pleased with the honest man's reply, said—"Well, old man, if ever thou livest to see the fruit of those trees, let me know it. Dost thou hear, good old man?" and with these words he left him. The old man did live long enough to see the fruits of his industry. The trees flourished and bore excellent fruit. As soon as they were sufficiently ripe he gathered the most choice figs, put them into a basket, and marched off towards the emperor's residence. Hadrian happened to look out of the windows of his palace, and seeing a man bent with age, with a basket on his shoulders, standing near the gate, he ordered him to be admitted to his presence.

"What is thy pleasure, old man?" demanded Hadrian.

"May it please your majesty," replied the man, "to recollect seeing once a very old man planting some trees, when you desired him, if ever he should gather the fruit, to let you know. I am that old man, and this is the fruit of those very trees. May it please you graciously to accept them as an humble tribute of gratitude for your majesty's great condescension."

Hadrian, gratified to see so extraordinary an instance of longevity, accompanied by the full manly faculties and honest reservation, desired the old man to be seated, and ordering the basket to be emptied of its fruit, and to be filled with gold, gave it him as a present. Some courtiers who witnessed this unwelcome scene, exclaimed, "Is it possible that our great emperor should show so much honor to a miserable Jew?" "Why should I not not honor him whom God has honored?" replied Hadrian. "Look at his age and imitate his example." The emperor then very graciously dismissed the old man, who went home highly pleased and delighted.

VERDANT.

A day or two since, a farmer, who lives thirty miles from here, was walking along in the vicinity of the railroad depot, when a youngster, about twelve years old, came up in a great hurry. Says he, "Mister, you have lost your pocket book." "O, no," says the farmer. "Well, some one has; and look, here's a fifty dollar bill. Now, I am in a great hurry; give me a little something for it, and you can go and get the bill changed." All the money the man had about him was seven dollars, which he gave the boy and took the pocket book, when, on examination, it proved to be a hair oil advertising bill, 'Fifty Dollars," in large characters printed on it. The farmer was fairly sold, and had to borrow money of a friend at the Railroad Hotel to get home with.—*Buffalo Republican.*

PHILOSOPHY.—It is the peculiar quality and character of an undisciplined man, and a man of the world, to expect no advantage, and to apprehend no mischief from himself, but all from objects without him. Whereas the philosopher, quite contrary, looks only inward, and apprehends no good or evil can happen to him, but from himself alone.—*Epictetus.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

URSULA.

BY R. P. SMITH.

There is a form I long to clasp,
And hold in fond embrace;
A form of angel loveliness,
Of matchless, fairy grace.

There is a voice I long to hear
Gush forth in gentle strain;
A voice of sweetest melody,
I long to hear again.

There is a lip I long to press
With one fond, lingering kiss;
Ah! who can tell that moment's joy,
Or speak of that fond bliss.

There is a heart I long to know,
A heart so gentle, true,
No spot its surface darkening,
I would that coul I knew.

There is a maid I proudly love,
O, would she were my own;
What would I give that I could call
Ursula—mine alone.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

COURTSHIP IN THE DARK.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

One bright starlight night, while lying becalmed in the horse latitudes, our watch, as usual, collected upon the top-gallant forecastle, to smoke their pipes and spin yarns. We had been some time on the voyage, and our stock of stories had become pretty familiar; anything new was getting to be quite a rarity; so we were obliged to content ourselves with bits and scraps of our own adventures, or those of our friends; and as no one is permitted to tell a very *long* story on board a ship, when he is himself the hero, we were forced to confine ourselves within the bounds of truth and probability—a very galling restriction for any sailor, and it had the effect of almost wholly silencing our watch. On that occasion, however, we managed to start an apology for a story, which I will endeavor to give as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words.

For nearly half an hour there had been scarcely a word spoken by any of the group, and no one seemed disposed to break the silence, until an old weather beaten, bullet-headed man-of-war's man, who had in some manner acquired the name of "Spikes," slowly removed his pipe from his mouth, and looking round upon his watchmates, inquired:

"Who knows whatever's become of young Capstane Barre? He used to sail in this trade, but somehow I've lost sight of him for the last four or five years."

"Why, don't you know?" replied Chips, the carpenter. "I thought everybody knew about that affair of his'n. It was rather curious, too, the way he stumbled into it."

"How was it?" inquired Spikes.

"Yes, let's have the story, let's have the story," we all exclaimed, gathering closer around Chips.

"Why, it isn't much of a story, anyway," he replied; "but such as it is, I let you have it. I suppose you all know Capstane Barre, or have heard of him?"

All except Spikes protested their innocence of any knowledge whatever concerning him, whereupon Chips proceeded as follows:

"Well, I'm surprised that none of you are acquainted with him, for he was as well known in the Liverpool and Calcutta trade as the Cape of Good Hope, but as you don't, I suppose I must tell you what sort of a chap he was. In the first place, then, you must know, he wasn't one of your common, every-day sailors, who think themselves mighty learned, because they know how to read and write a bit. On the contrary, he had received a regular four-stranded, hawser-laid, university education, and was fit for any situation, from a sea captain clear down to a judge of the Supreme Court, and he would have done himself honor in either capacity.

"You may think strange that such a man should have sailed before the mast, in a merchant vessel. He could have had a mate's berth if he chose, but he used to say he didn't care to be advanced, for he intended to quit going to sea when he was twenty-five, and strike out something on shore that would astonish us all; and it turned out just as he said, though it was all accident, and he couldn't have anticipated anything of the kind.

"I remember the first voyage he ever made; he was about twenty at the time, tall, well built, straight as a handspike, and just the finest looking chap I ever saw, before or since. Then he had such a way with him, you couldn't help liking him; I don't think he had an enemy in the world, or ever will have; he was the life of every ship he sailed in, and where he was, things were sure to go on pleasantly; he'd make you feel happy whether you chose or not, for his was such a jovial, sunshiny disposition that it seemed to affect every one with whom he came in contact. But he had a wonderful stock of impudence, had Capstane, and he used to bully his captain and mates with as much assurance as if he had been the Prince of Wales; but he would do it in such a pleasant, off-hand manner, that they couldn't choose but laugh; and as for being angry with him, that was entirely out of the question. I used to think, and I do now, that he fared all the better for being saucy and impudent; but if any one beside him had attempted half what he did, they would have been run up to the foreyard arm in a twinkling, and served 'em right, too; for that which you laughed at in him, and liked him all the better for, would have been downright impertinence and perfectly unbearable in another."

"Come now, belay that!" growled Spikes, "and don't be making a botch; for the more you try to describe him, the more you don't do it. If so be you've got any yarn to spin, let's have it at once, without any kinks."

"Well, then," resumed Chips, "to come to the point, the last time Capstane—or Cap, as we used to call him, for short—was in the East Indies, I was with him, and we both shipped together in a tea drogher, bound for Liverpool. We had a splendid passage homeward until we got to the mouth of the channel, when we caught a succession of heavy gales right in the teeth, and were battered and banged about between Land's End and Cape Clear for more than a month, till we began to think we should never get anywhere, like a second Flying Dutchman; but it couldn't last forever, and all at once it chopped round, and came out of south'ard and west'ard like a young hurricane. Whew! didn't it blow that night? It would have taken the legs off a forty shilling pot. And the way it sent us flying up the St. George's Channel would have taken the starch out of any steamer that ever floated; and the lighthouses along the Irish coast seemed more like mile stones than anything else.

"But to make a long story short, there was more wind than we could comfortably manage; and not being able to carry sail, we missed the Mersey, and drifted away up between the Isle of Man and the main land; and when morning dawned, we found ourselves with as pretty a lee shore under our starboard bow as our worst enemies could have wished; it couldn't have been much worse if it had been made to order.

"There is no use of my giving you the particulars, for you've all been on a lee shore more than once, and know how pleasant it is. Suffice it to say, the ship beached, and broke up like a bottle. You may suppose there was some little difficulty in getting ashore; but we managed to accomplish it, half drowned, with the loss of everything we had, and our skins about as full of salt water as they could well hold. It's a wonder to me how any of us were saved, and it was more than a week before I could realize the fact that we were all safe on our pins again.

"The fishermen along the coast took care of us for a few days, and were well paid by the plunder of the wrecked vessel. Each of our men, as soon as he got the salt water out of himself, and began to feel his outs once more, left the place and paddled off to the nearest seaport, until there were none left but Capstane Barre and myself. We had come the nearest in missing our wind, and consequently the last to recover. However, a week or ten days sufficed to put us on our taps again, and I began to think about taking a trough in the direction of Liverpool, to look out for a ship; but Capstane wouldn't listen to such a proposition—not he; he'd never been in the west of England before, except about Liverpool, and he'd no idea of going aboard another ship till he'd had a look about the country. I objected to this decidedly, for we hadn't the value of a brass farthing between us; and a sailor without money outs a rather poor figure in a country town, as you probably all know by experience; that made no difference to him; when he made up his mind, he didn't change it for trifles; and all the consolation he gave me was, that we could travel the lighter for not being burdened with the tremendous weight of gold we were accustomed to carry.

"It was no use arguing with a chap like him, for he could talk the eye-teeth out of your head, and then convince you that you never had any. So we turned to and made ourselves look as respectable as possible with what clothes we had, which didn't amount to much with me. But Cap could always, under any circumstances, make himself look about four points better than anybody else—couldn't he, Spikes?"

"Yes," growled Spikes; "leave ahead with your twister."

"Well, having got through with all the necessary much obliged to you's with the fishermen, we laid our course straight back into the country, and tramped about from one place to another the whole day; for there was no end of the places he wanted to have a look at. Though he'd never been in that part of the country before, he'd read it all up, so it was as familiar to him as if he'd been born and bred there.

"I can't remember half the things he showed and explained to me that day; but there was a slew of 'em. We went over the ground where there had been a Roman camp, a good many hundred thousand years ago; then he pointed out this battle-field and that battle-field, and tother battle field; the place where Alexander the Great played a game of twenty-deck poker with Robert Bruce, to see which of 'em should have the Sandwich Islands—and I'm not sure but he showed me where the garden of Eden used to be, when Adam was a little oakum boy; at any rate, if he didn't, he could if he chose, for he had the whole history of the world at his tongue's end, and could spin it off like a school ma'am—couldn't he, Spikes?"

"Don't be a fool, Chips," growled Spikes.

"Well, for your sake, I won't," returned Chips; "for two fools in one watch always make a bad work. But if I've mixed things up a bit, it's owing to my bad memory, and not to his giving me the wrong information; for he was always as correct as the compass. As it got along toward night, we began to get a little leg-weary, and visions of hot supper kept fooling round under our hats, so we stopped our curiosity hunting, and struck into the post road, and pretty soon overhauled a considerable town. I forget the name of it. Perhaps some of you west of England chaps might know the place. But never mind the name: it wouldn't do you any good if you did know.

"Well, we travelled up the main street, looking into the shop doors, and making faces at the girls, till we got abreast of the principal hotel. It was a queer, old-fashioned building, big enough to hold an army, with a whole village of barns and stables at the back of it, and built nobody knows how many years ago. It had in its day been a great establishment, and the landlord had made a fortune; but the railroads had done for it, and it was as still and quiet then, as it had once been noisy and bustling.

"I stood gazing at it a while with my mouth wide open—as is apt to be the case with a person when examining anything in which he has no interest—and with no thought of entering the place; for what's the good of a tavern when there's no money knocking about. But Cap. thought otherwise; so giving me a smart poke in the ribs to attract my attention, he walked boldly up the steps, and into the public room.

"The big, pot-bellied landlord was sitting quietly smoking upon one side of the door, and his stout, comfortable-looking wife busily knitting upon the other. They looked suspiciously at us as we approached; for they had heard of the wreck, and made no doubt that we were going to ask for supper and lodgings gratis. But Cap. soon got them off that notion, for he walked in with as much assurance as if he had been heir apparent of the Tonga Islands; and slapped the shovel-nosed old landlord on the shoulder with such a hearty good will that he came within an ace of making him swallow his pipe; and as it was, so choked him with the smoke that he didn't stop coughing for half an hour. Then with a sly wink at the landlady, and chucking the rosy-cheeked bar-maid under the chin, he ordered supper with the air of a lord.

"The landlady was clearly overcome; that wink had done as much for him as a duke's title, and she went bustling round, in and out, hurrying up the servants with the supper, scolding the bar-maid, laughing till she cried at Capstane's jokes, and making herself very red in the face, and in the way generally.

"The landlord made an effort to appear dignified, but it wouldn't do; for Cap., drawing his chair up alongside of him, opened such a battery of funny stories that I began to fear the poor old codger would go into a fit with laughing, and quit the world altogether.

"That we had made a sensation—or, rather, that Cap. had—was evident; for the landlady and bar maid seemed as if they couldn't do enough for him; and when supper was ready, instead of giving it to us by ourselves, they invited us to a seat at the table with the family, which consisted only of the landlord, his wife, and an incredibly good looking young woman, somewhere within hailing distance of eighteen or twenty.

"If Cap. made himself agreeable before, you may be sure he surpassed himself then, for beside keeping on the weather side of the landlady's good graces, I could see that he was terribly smitten with the young lady, and no wonder, for she was an uncommonly tasty craft; and with her pink dress and checks, black hair and eyes, and little bits of white hands, and apron, she looked as pretty as a crocus. I don't know as I should be stretching the truth much to say, that she looked as pretty as half a dozen crocuses. At any rate, that was my impression, and Cap.'s too, I reckon; for he couldn't keep his eyes off of her. He tried hard to get into conversation with her; but she would only answer 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' blush all over her face, and look slap down into her plate. But I could see that when his attention was drawn to any other object, she made good use of her black eyes, by stealing some long and rather admiring glances at him. She made no difficulty of talking with me, a homely-looking, web-footed old porpoise, though she hadn't a word to spare for Cap.; but that's the nature of the critter generally. If she hadn't been a good deal pleased with him, she would have talked to his heart's content; but as she was, she didn't have a word to say—just like the whole race of 'em, always go back-handed to work.

"Well, supper being over, the girl vanished, much to Cap's. disappointment, and we adjourned to the public room; Cap. shone out in all his glory that night, but I could see there was something on his mind, and that he was mighty anxious about something or other; I soon found out what, for watching an opportunity when the landlady was out, he tackled the bar maid to find out who the young lady was, and how and about her generally.

"'Lawks, sir,' replied the bar maid, 'don't you know? why, that's Miss Mary, poor thing, it's a shame to 'em, so it is.'

"'Well, but who the deuce is Miss Mary, poor thing—and what is it that's a shame to 'em?' inquired Cap.

"'Miss Mary, why, she's the landlord's daughter, and they are going to make her marry old Snagsby, the lawyer; a man old enough to be her grandfather—the miserly old hunks—and all because he's rich, just as if she wasn't rich enough herself—poor thing, she enamost cries her eyes out; she'd better run off with young Mason, a nuf sight, than to be tied to that old gander, all for life.'

"'Who's Mason, a lover of hers?' asked Cap. with considerable anxiety.

"'Yes, sort-of—that is, he thinks a heap of her, and has been trying to get her to go to Gretna Green with him; I shouldn't wonder a mite if she did, though she don't like him any too well, and would never give him the second thought, if it wasn't to avoid being forced into marrying old Snagsby.'

"The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the landlady, who with a countenance as smiling as a basket of chips, informed Cap. that his room was ready, whenever he chose to retire—but as there was only one vacant bed in the house, his friend would be obliged to put up with one of the settees in the bar-room.

"This was of course perfectly satisfactory, and lighted by the bar maid, Cap. went up to his room; there was a little scuffle, and a bounce heard in the passage, and the bar maid with a broad grin on her somewhat flushed countenance, and smoothing her rumpled hair, came back on the run.

"'What's the matter, Sally?' inquired the landlady, with a knowing look. But Sally made no reply, other than giggling out—'Lawks, I never seed such a funny man, in my life,' and catching up a piece of wash leather, she began polishing up the pewter pots, with a vehemence which threatened destruction to the whole bar. The landlady also, seemed to be of the opinion that he was a funny man, so there was no chance for an argument, and soon after, they took themselves off to bed, leaving poor pill garlick, to his own reflections, and an uncommonly hard settee. The house was soon quiet, and I slept like a Trojan, till broad daylight next morning, so that I knew nothing of the other events which transpired that night; until I got the particulars from Cap. sometime after.

"It appears that having gone to his room and turned in, he found it impossible to sleep, his mind being so full of one thing and another; so, after flopping and flouncing about on the bed for a couple of hours, he determined to come down in the bar room and see me; dressing himself as well as he could in the dark, he left his room just as the clock was striking thirteen, according as he counted. It was an easy matter to leave his room, but it wasn't so easy to get anywhere else, for his fooling with the bar maid had prevented his noticing which way he went. The house, as I have said, was very large, with great long rambling passages, that had more crooks and turns in them, than there is in a post horn, and it was no easy matter for a stranger to navigate in broad daylight, much less in a dark night; so Cap. gave up the idea of finding me, and tiptoed back in what he supposed to be the direction of his room; but he was at fault again, the doors were so much alike that he couldn't tell his own from a dozen others—here was a predicament; he didn't wish to disturb any one, for it would have looked rather odd for him to be roaming about the house in the middle of the night, so he made one more effort to find the bar-room; after poking about for some time, bumping his head against projections from the wall, and tangling up his toes, among the legs of chairs, he came to a flight of stairs, which, with the very natural supposition that they would surely lead him somewhere—he began to descend, but when about half-way down, he heard some one softly approaching the foot of the stairs; his first impulse was to retreat the way he came, but he had taken scarcely a step backward, when he heard some one approaching the head of the stairs; in his perplexity, he struck his foot against a step, causing a slight noise.

"'Hush!' whispered the somebody at the foot.

"'Hush!' whispered the somebody at the top.

"'What a confounded hushing,' thought Cap. beginning to get a little bewildered.

"The person at the foot began to ascend, and encountering Cap half-way, the man—for such he recognized him to be, said, in a low whisper: 'It's all ready, sir; you'll find it waiting behind the barn.' Then he as quickly descended, leaving Cap. with about as much idea of which end he stood upon, as I have of the nor'west passage. The one at the top, now began to descend, and running against Cap. as he stood wondering whether he was asleep or awake—gave a slight scream, which informed him that he had a woman to deal with, this time.

"'Lawks, sir, is this you? how you frightened me,' said a voice, which he instantly recognized; 'what made you come here? 'tisn't safe—you should have waited where I told you, is it ready?' he pursued and overtaken at any moment; but like all girls, she hesitated; to be sure she hadn't known him long, but as I said before, half an hour with him was as good as six months with another.

"Cap. began to fear he should lose her after all, when it popped into his head, how quick she had been made to decide, when hesitating upon the stairs in the tavern; so he whispered in her ear—'just think of old Snagsby!' That operated like a charm, and when they returned, the shovel-nosed landlord had a son-in-law.

"The old folks kicked up considerable of a row at first, but they soon got over it, for it wasn't in human nature to have any hard feelings towards Cap., and no one except Mason and old Snagsby have ever had cause to repent the marriage, which resulted from that courtship in the dark."

Chips having finished, looked around for applause, but with the exception of Spikes, the watch were all asleep.

"Is that all?" asked Spikes, in a contemptuous tone.

"That's all," returned Chips, somewhat crestfallen.

"Pooh—what a story—if I couldn't spin a better yarn than that, I'd jump overboard," and Spikes stretching himself out upon the deck, joined his snore to that of his watchmates.

NAPOLEON RELICS.

I passed one evening at the famous waxwork exhibition of Madame Tussaud, not because I cared about seeing it, but from having nothing else to do on that particular evening. It is very fine of its kind, but its kind is very poor to my taste. One figure amused me very much, that of a quiet, sedate-looking country gentleman, who was sitting near the door, seemingly much absorbed in contemplating upon the character of Henry the Eighth, whose burly form, encased in armor, stood just in front of him. He sat so quietly, only turning his head occasionally, as if to note some one of the crowd passing by him, that I was induced to look at him more closely, when I found the old gentleman was in reality *a lad of wax*.

The Napoleon Chamber is full of interest to all who admire the genius of that wonderful man, containing so many well authenticated relics of his life in prosperity and adversity. Among others the carriages in which he rode at Waterloo and St. Helena, the bed upon which he slept during the long years of his exile and finally died, the clothes he wore, and the toilet articles he used, a lock of his hair, and many others which I cannot enumerate; all these are of surpassing interest, and for me out weighed all the rest of the exhibition. In the same room is a superb work of art, a centre table of Sevres porcelain, in the middle of which is a full length portrait, of the emperor in his coronation robes, surrounded by the portraits of his marshals, all done in the highest style of art by the first miniature painter of his day. It is beautiful beyond description, and of enormous cost to the present proprietor.—*Cor. of Saturday Eve. Gazette.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Initials. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This work is from the pen of the daughter of Lord Erskine, formerly Lord High Chancellor of England, and it is decidedly the best thing we have read for a long time.

The Wonderful. By Charles Reade. Tickner & Fields, Boston.

The name of the publishers alone is sufficient to guarantee the character of this work, but its claims, original and brilliant pictures must be seen and felt, to be appreciated. The book contains three hundred pages of solid, large, high toned literature as we have ever read.

Standard Reciters. 4th and 5th. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

These sterling books are compiled and edited by Epes Sargent, and though we have before spoken of their merits, we wish again to impress it upon the minds of the public, although the books were intended expressly for schools they are not the person to be overlooked who wishes them without obtaining valuable information in literary matters, and being highly entertained at the same time.

THE FLAG OF OUR

MATURIN M. BA
EDITOR AND PRO

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, invariably in advance. Subscription to commence with the first number after the receipt of order.

☞ All communications designed for this paper, must be addressed to Mr. Maturin, proprietor of The Flag of Our Union.

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We give the opening chapters o
Mines." The two Crowns." A Tale of
Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.
"The Pawnbroker's Customers
Magazine.
"A Russian Household," a sket
Anne T. Wilson.
"The King's Pledge," a story
Elizabeth B. Frazer.
"An Ode to a Fowl," a tale, by t
"Home Values," a poem, by Jo
"Building Nests," verses, by Ge
"Lines to my little Grey-dress
Kershaw.
"Natural Curls," lines by Rose
"To a Dying Bird," verses by E

ARTICLES DESC

"Sorrow." "Lines to A." "Li
"The Cottager's Worship," "Dea
of Life," "The Quarantine, etc.

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

We give the opening chapters of a new novellette, entitled "The Iron Cross," a Tale of High and Low Life, by STEPHEN CORE, JR.

"The Pawnbroker's Customers," a story, by WILLIAM MACKINTREE.

"A Russian Household," a sketch from the French, by ANNE T. WILSON.

"The King's Pledge," a story of ancient Britain, by ELIZABETH B. FRAZER.

"An Italian Feud," a tale, by GIOVANNI H. BALLOU.

"Home Voices," a poem, by JESSY A. STONE.

"Building Nests," verses, by GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Lines to my little God-daughter," by TAMAR ANNE KENNEDY.

"Natural Curls," lines by EUPHEMIA B. STRATTON.

"To a Dying Bird," verses by H. H. HUDSON.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Sorrow." "Lines to A." "Life." "Fourth of July." "The Cottager's Worship." "Dreamland." "The Thread of Life." "The Consumption, etc.," and "Memory."

THE LAND OF GOLD.

Let no one say that poetry and romance have abandoned the world—that we lead a mere workday life, and in the dreams of bards and the chronicles of old world story-tellers alone we are to look for startling and thrilling events. The history of California within the past six years is a wilder and more gorgeous romance than any Eastern story teller ever wove out of the golden thread of his imagination. Were it a history of the far past, we should class it with those mythological narrations which are blended with the mists of ages. An almost unknown region, stretching along the shores of the Pacific, thinly settled, but occasionally visited by traders, its agricultural capacities unestimated, its physical features undelineated, suddenly became the magnet of attraction to the eyes of the whole world. In 1848 chance revealed the fact that the new country contained within its bosom millions on millions of pure native gold. A nucleus of money seekers swelled majestically up to an almost innumerable host. Hollow eyed, despairing men, from all parts of the continent, who had never been able, with the utmost exertion, to reap the gaunt wolf of poverty from their doors, hearing the wondrous tale, fled to the land of promise, speeding thither over the land or sea as in a dream, and returned to their old homes, some of them in a few months wealthy, loaded down with treasure. Then cities sprang up, with marble palaces, where just before the rude adobe huts of the old residents sufficed to keep the storm from their heads. There was revealed to the world the wonderful rise of a State that might almost be said to have sprung into existence "consummate from its birth." A new, a golden star was added to the constellation that already burned in the union of our banner.

But the progress of the State was not altogether a triumphal march—an agreeable drama, on which the world might look with unmingled satisfaction and applause. Gold and crime go hand in hand together. There was a season of perfect lawlessness, when fraud and violence accomplished their base and bloody purposes. Then came, born of necessity, the stern justice of self constituted tribunals—fierce retribution overtaking crime, that wore, to those not eyewitnesses, the aspect of atrocious vengeance, until law assumed its superiority, and the triumph of civilization was complete. There were calamities, too—fires that swept away millions of property in a few hours, and vainly reluced cities to ashes, for they sprang again, almost instantaneously from their embers. The total result has been summed up by a very excellent journal, the "California Farmer," in the following way:

"We find ourselves quietly emerging from the wreck and the storm—only passing; and we find we can sum up of assets and valuables:—

1. One State of California with 121,000,000 of square acres.
2. Said acres have on them 250,000 sturdy young laborers.
3. These have a regular State government of 500 officers.
4. These last live on the fat of the land, earning $2,000,000.
5. The State has a revenue of $2,158,099.
6. A debt also of $2,520,204.
7. Of taxable property, $111,000,000.
8. Exports of gold and silver, $36,000,000.
9. Of literary periodicals, in number, 82.
10. Of public and private schools, 214.
11. With scholars in number 20,076.
12. Of cultivatable lands, in acres, 70,000,000.
13. Of saw mills some 100.
14. Of flouring mills some 60.
15. Of hardy, camp-inured, brave, ready equipped, ready mounted citizen soldiers in the coasts and sierras, 30,000. Besides ships, steamboats, sea steamers, 200 miles of electric telegraphs, 3000 lawyers 130 post offices, 5600 miles of established mail routes, a weekly line of sea steamers connecting with the Atlantic, a railroad communication from ocean to ocean in six hours, another isthmus route through belching volcanoes, by daylight; twenty express companies, 100 bookstores, 100 churches, 150 cities, towns, and villages (all done in six years); an agricultural society incorporated, granting premiums of $30,000 annually, five volumes of State laws, thirty miner's canals of wonderful construction and great benefit, 300 miles of gold placers; silver, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, coals, iron, copper, lead, and platina mines; ocean coast of 700 miles, and three navigable rivers penetrating the State; a public penitentiary, an asylum for the unfortunates deprived of reason, conducted with great credit to the State and honorable to our pride as Californians: a commodious marine hospital, built with Uncle Sam's money, and an invaluable dry dock and navy yard for our maritime forces, some excellent lighthouses; a mercantile library association of 3000 volumes, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, plenty of banks and bankers, a fertile, fruitful soil, producing the grains, plants, and fruits tropical and temperate, and a climate of unrivalled salubrity. Also the sea abounding with fishes of divers kinds, great and small, even unto the great leviathan—all good, and fit and useful to make a great State, if the hand of the diligent shall bear rule."

In view of these facts, are we not justified in saying that the history of California is a wild and dazzling romance?

THE ASSASSIN PIANORI.

We detest Louis Napoleon; we regard his usurpation of the reins of power—at the moment when the republicans of France were preparing peaceably for a legal issue from the political evils under which they suffered, were getting ready fairly to try the system which has proved successful with us, under the leadership of some true friend of the people—as an unjustifiable act of unadulterated selfishness. It cannot be palliated, like a similar act of Napoleon the First. He had done absolutely nothing to deserve the throne, and the steps by which he ascended to it were stained with the blood of innocent victims. Our eyes are not blinded to the guilt of the usurper, by the splendor with which he has surrounded himself, nor by the physical good he has done France. We should rejoice to hear of his downfall; but the intelligence of his death by the hands of an assassin would fill us with unfeigned regret. A good cause is never advanced by a crime. Hence we are glad to hear that Pianori failed in his attempt upon his life, and that speedy justice overtook him, and we have no patience with those who seek to make a hero-martyr. Yet we pity the man, while we condemn his act, and are glad of his punishment. His moral vision was distorted. He was a political fanatic, and we have a dread of all fanatics. That he exhibited some noble traits in his last moments, however, no one can deny. He unquestionably had accomplices; but he refused to reveal them, with a rare constancy and courage, under the severest trial to which a man can be subjected.

On the eve of his execution, he was placed in a cell where he could hear, during the night, the hammers of the workmen employed in the erection of his scaffold, giving a "dreadful note of preparation." On the morning of his death, the minister of justice came on him, watch in hand. "You have but half an hour to live on the earth. Reveal the names of your accomplices, and you shall have a free pardon." "I have nothing to reveal." The half hour passed. A black crape veil was thrown over his head, and he was placed upon the scaffold, his arms pinioned behind him. With a sudden motion, he threw off the veil and shouted: "Long live the republic! Down with the traitor of the 2nd of December." He was bound upon the fatal plank, placed in a horizontal position, and thrust under the knife of the guillotine. Even then he raised his voice, and his dying cry, "Long live the republic!" was heard by two thousand fierce mechanics gathered at the place of execution. "Had we ten such men in France," said the sheriff, a Louis Napoleonist, "it would be all over with us."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A wedding took place in Bristol, England, a few weeks since, under somewhat romantic circumstances, realizing the old adage that "truth is strange; stranger than fiction." It appears that a sister of Mrs. N., who resides at Montpelier, some two or three years since married a merchant, and emigrated to California soon afterwards, in view of bettering their fortunes, taking with her the likeness of an unmarried sister. The picture happened to be hung in a very conspicuous part of their house in California, and attracted the attention of a rich resident of that district, who happened to pay a visit to the house. He was enraptured with the image of the fair unknown, and exclaimed, "By Jove, I'll marry that girl, if she is to be found in the world."

He was told where she resided, and he posted to her a note enclosing a present of forty pounds sterling, and a few days since a knock was heard at the door, and on the young lady going to open it, a good looking, bronzed featured gentleman rushed into the house and gave a chaste salute, exclaiming that he had come from the other end of the world to find her, at the same time pulling out the likeness which first led him to seek his attraction. Of course they were married, and are to "live long and die happy," as usual.

ENGLISH CRITICISM.

"Miss Murray, Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria," travelling in this country, was shocked at the extravagance of our ladies' dresses; we are very sorry for it. The English are very apt to be shocked at many things we do. Our grandfathers in 1776 behaved in a way that Miss Murray's grandfathers considered "positively" shocking. Why can't our ladies dress so as to satisfy the fastidious taste of the Hon. Miss Murray! Remember that the Queen and Prince Albert were once "pleased to express their approbation of our Wenham ice." We must try to secure Miss Murray's approbation of our toilettes and demi-toilettes.

THE TAMARIND TREE.—The tamarind tree has been grown in Virginia from seeds, and is highly spoken of as promising to be a valuable acquisition to our fruit trees, especially on the prairie lands of the west. Its growth is rapid, its appearance very ornamental, and it is perfectly free from blight and the depredations of insects. Last season, the trees in Virginia produced fruit as good as the imported.

THE FIRE IN LIGHTBODY'S INK FACTORY.—We are informed by Mr. Lightbody, that the recent fire at his printing ink factory was such a small matter that it will not interfere with his business in the least, no part of the machinery was damaged, and he can supply his customers, as usual.

PYROMANIA.—This is the name given to a peculiar sort of insanity, which induces the victim to set fire to houses and goods. A chambermaid in this city has lately indulged in her pyromaniac propensities.

MEXICO.—Santa Anna's authority appears to be sensibly shaken in this nominal republic. Santa Anna is no great shakes himself.

AUSTRALIA.—Within six months, a thousand persons have left New York for the gold mines.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

There are nearly 5,000,000 sheep in the State of Ohio.

A wild coon was caught in Bergen, N. J., in the act of stealing chickens, recently.

Who have most to fear, the *uninsured* from *fire*, or the *insured* from insurance companies *bursting?*

Brooklyn, N. Y., has organized a Board of Health, and put her police in uniform.

The Indians located near Fort Belknap, in Texas, have planted 200 acres of corn.

The total valuation of the real and personal property in the city of Detroit, is $12,250,381.

A wicked book is the worse because it can't repent.

By a recent act of Parliament, the repeal of the Usury Laws of Great Britain has been effected.

Within a year the King of Sardinia has lost five members of his family by death.

The Lynn folks are having free musical concerts, to continue every Wednesday evening.

There are 212 convicts in the Alabama penitentiary, four more than there are cells in the prison.

About three hundred new lamps are to be put up in the streets of Roxbury.

The follies of youth are food for repentance in old age.

A wire cable is to be laid between Ogdensburg and Prescot, connecting them by a telegraph.

We continue to receive the most flattering accounts of the state of the crops in the Union.

If the melancholy depression of flour keeps on, most, if not all of us, can afford to eat bread soon.

Miss Sally Chappell, of Louisville, has sued General Tickell, of Miss., for breach of promise.

One day lately the Edgartown fishermen realized about $14 each, by catching blue fish.

Nature teaches us to love our friends, religion our enemies.

The Newport (Rhode Island) Mercury closed its ninety-seventh year of publication, lately.

A German in Indianapolis hung himself. Cause deprivation of liquor through the prohibitory law.

The sum of $178,000 has been taken this season at the Boston Theatre. Profits, $35,000.

The mayor and aldermen of Lowell refuse to grant further licenses for theatrical exhibitions.

JUDICIOUS COUNSEL.

Amos Lawrence, of Boston, in his "Diary and Correspondence," gives the following characteristic counsel:—"At the commencement of your journey, the difference between going just right or a little wrong will be the difference between finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Do not cheat yourself by doing what you suspect may be wrong. You are as much accountable to your Maker for an enlightened exercise of your conscience as you would be to me to use due diligence in taking care of a bag of money, which I might send by you.' 'Good principles, good temper and good manners, will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles.' 'Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided.' 'The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse.' 'He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little.' Bring home no foreign fancies which are inapplicable to our state of society."

A COLD PLACE.

At Yakutsk, 62deg., north latitude, the Russian American Company bored for water in the courtyard of their establishment, to the depth of 380 feet, and found the ground frozen there. They could not obtain water and gave up the attempt. In that latitude the surface of the ground, a few feet deep, is thawed for a few weeks during the summer, but all below is frost and ice. The inhabitants have cellars under all their dwellings, which are perpetual ice houses; in them, when the sun is intensely hot outside, they place their milk, fresh meat, etc., which soon becomes perfectly frozen.

CHINA GRASS.—Is an article which should be immediately introduced into the United States. In China it is cultivated along the borders of rice fields. In Queen Elizabeth's time, clothes made of it were imported into Europe. The Hollanders preferred it for fine fabrics to those made of flax. The tenacity is such that a thread may be spun one hundred and seventy-five feet long without winding. It is fifty per cent. stronger than flax. A thread over six miles in length weighed only a trifle over 1200 grains.

THE WEATHER.—We have had some days this month the reverse of comfortable. We have been broiled, roasted, baked and stewed—like oysters. We were convinced, from actual observations of more than one of our corpulent friends, that Charles Lamb was correct when he said the "sufferings of fat people during the summer solstice are intolerable."

DECIDEDLY COOL.—During the long, terrible and destructive fire at Hamburg, a few years since, an Englishman writing a letter from a house not reached by the flames, said: "What a scene! and what a dreadful situation. Thirty-six hours without shaving, and twelve without eating!"

SQUIRRELS.—It has been ascertained by actual experiments (fatal to the animals operated upon), that squirrels are not chameleons, and consequently cannot live upon air. In view of this fact, is not the placing them upon the elms an act of *high treason?*

A HARD TASK.—Lord Timothy Dexter once commissioned an artist to paint his portrait. "Make me the size of life," said the great man, "holding a book in my hand, and reading aloud."

MUSIC ON THE COMMON.—The public concerts on the Common by our leading bands, attract many thousand of auditors whenever they occur.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]
For the present week embraces the following contents

"The Maid of the Mountain," a tale, by J. S. COOK.
"A Letter from a Trout Brook
"Le Chiffonnier," a story, by Mrs. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.
"Reminiscences of California," by FRANCIS STARWOOD.
"The Old Crow," a poem, by GRACE A. WILSON.
"To Julia," verses, by WILLIE E. PARDE.
"The Rainbow," enigma, by FREDERICK J. KEYES.
"Had thou been true to me, love," verses, by HANNAH R. PIERCE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of Nahant Hotel, the well known fashionable summer resort of strangers from nearly every part of the Union.
Portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of "Twice Told Tales," and many other literary gems of great popularity.
View of Millston Road, looking from foot of Beacon St.
Entrance to the new Boston Theatre, Washington St.
View of the City Library Building, Boston.
A large representation of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, from the Point of the Seral.
View of St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, Canada.
Representation of the Pavilion in the Crimea.
Picture of a Boulogne and Ambos Diligence.
Subterranean Church of Notre Dame at Boulogne.

. The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

The shops were all open in Kertch when the allies went in, and the ladies walking about.

Thackeray has withdrawn from Punch, on account of its unceasing onslaughts on the Emperor Napoleon.

M. Lamarrine is about to become a *redacteur* of the *Siecle*. He will merely contribute philosophical and literary articles.

Ali Pacha has had a private audience of the Emperor of Austria, at which he received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen.

The old soldiers belonging to Switzerland, who claim legacies under the will of the Emperor Napoleon, amount in number to 1417.

A steam company has been formed for the purpose of a regular communication between Lisbon and the Azores—a line that was much required.

The King of Portugal is about to visit Turin. It is said he will be betrothed to the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia, who is now in her thirteenth year.

The fine arts department of the Paris Exhibition is truly wonderful. It is said to contain the largest and finest collection of pictures which have ever been brought together under one roof.

The publishers of the Melbourne Argus have raised the price of that paper from ten to twenty dollars per year. They say it costs them half a million dollars per year to carry on their establishment.

The present war footing of the Austrian army is said to involve an expense of 620,000 florins (say £65,000) a day. The annual cost, therefore, it is calculated, will carry the deficit in the Budget to about 300,000,000 florins (say thirty millions sterling).

Paris, since the arrival of the fine weather, has assumed a new aspect, and looks as gay as before it was gloomy; and since the revolution of 1848 it has never worn the same outward aspect of prosperity and luxury as it at present displays, despite war calamities and war prices.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He who knows not his own weaknesses cannot know his own strength.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense and good feeling.

Reviling may be less common and less polite, but it is not more wicked than flattery.

Many reverse the scriptural rule, and are in understanding children, in malice men.

The chief things proven by him who professes to be perfect, are ignorance of himself and ignorance of God.

To be cast down by undeserved censure, or elated by unmerited compliment, is alike proof of weakness.

A wronged creditor, a neglected wife, a slandered neighbor, and a guilty conscience, are four things whose presence gives great pain.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Some of the best men have left the world bitterly reproaching themselves for two things: lack of zeal, and lack of industry in the improvement of time.

Whenever there is flattery, there is always a fool in the case. If the parasite be detected, it falls to his share; if he be not, to him whom he deludes.

It has been rightly observed, that in one point the atheist is the most credulous man in the world, for he believes the universe to be the production of chance.

In contests among men, the party doing the most wrong is commonly harder to be reconciled than he who has suffered most wrong. The reason is, he has a quarrel with himself, which makes him doubly irritable.

Joker's Budget.

The young lady who "jumped at an offer" dislocated her ankle.

We have a clergyman down in Portland by the name of Sunrise.

Young ladies should never object to being kissed by printers, they should make every allowance for the force of habit.

The Albany Knickerbocker says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next weeds.

Dobbs is a strong believer in "guardian angels." If it were not for them, he asks, what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep?

"What's the matter now?" cries the housewife to the servant maid. "The dish is only cracked, ma'am." The next day to the same question—"The dish was cracked before, ma'am."

Rowland Hill used to ride a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician he employed, he replied: "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A gentleman living upon his means, in the country, where he could not know, where his *distinguished* manner, unrivalled powers of conversation, and general accomplishments, would be considered an equivalent for board and attendance during the season. N. B.—Abundant whiskers, and foreign aspect.—*London Dungeon.*

The following is a verbatim copy of a petition presented to the Rhode Island Legislature a day or two since: "*To the smaller Genuine Assembly:* We the undersign petishoners pray your onnable Body to make a Law so that if a Man presents a good Bank Note to the teale Keeped, he shall make the change or let the Traveler pass over eny Bride or Turnpike."

Quill and Scissors.

The abolition of the stamp duty in England has already produced good effects in that country, by supplying the laboring classes with newspapers for instruction. A half penny daily newspaper has already been started in Liverpool by Mr. Wilmer, and during the first week of its existence attained a circulation of more than ten thousand copies.

There seems to be a variety of ways for spelling the name of the sea in which (according to British accounts) the Russians have lost more ships than they ever had since. The London Times calls it the sea of Azoff; the New York papers generally spell it Azof: and one or two journals, we observe, spell it Azov. Which is right?

The King of Terrors finds a powerful ally in that too fatal disease, Consumption. We feel assured that very many cases might be arrested even after considerable progress is made, by the faithful use of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. It certainly has cured hundreds within a few years.

As a train full of passengers was crossing the Little River bridge, near Exeter, the, the trussed work gave way, leaving nothing but the T rail to support the train. The engineer put on steam, and miraculously got across without the rails giving away.

A pacing match for $2000 took place on Union course, Long Island, the other day, between Pocahontas and Hero, the latter was distanced in the first heat. Pocahontas performed the mile in 2 47 1-2, the fastest time in pacing ever made.

The Cleveland Herald offers to stake its reputation for veracity that flour will be down to $6.50 per barrel in thirty days. It says the crops never looked better in the State of Ohio, and the prospect is that there will be the largest yield ever known in that State.

The government paper officially publishes the ratified Japan treaty. The names of the Japanese commissioners are given as follows: Ido Tzoesima, Nokami; Isawa Mimasaki, Nokami; Tsoeoki Soerroga, Nokami; Ido Towse; Kokahieri Isibi; with Tasmoke for interpreter.

Bristol Bill has been pardoned out by the Governor of Vermont, but he has been again arrested on an indictment for the attempted murder of Bliss N. Davis, the State's Attorney, by whom he was formerly prosecuted.

The New Haven Register says the fishermen in that place are doing a good business in eating blackfish with *shad traps!* The demand for the steel traps exceeds the supply. They bait 'em same as for rats.

The General Assembly of Rhode Island, during its late session, chartered seven new banks. The American Bank and the Bank of Commerce in Providence have increased their capitals from one to two million dollars each.

One of the conductors on the New York Central Railroad has been mulcted in $700 damages, because he thrust a passenger from the cars for refusing to surrender his ticket until he reached the station to which he had paid.

Col. J. D. Green, of Cambridge, Mass., has gone to England with a view of offering his celebrated breech-loading rifle to the French and English Governments.

Geronimo Hermes was arrested in New York, charged with engaging in the slave trade. He brought a negro boy from the Coast of Africa for the purpose of enslaving him.

The State Fair of New York is to be held at Elmira. The grounds leased for the occasion cover an area of forty acres, and are to be fitted up at an expense of $5000.

Leavenworth, the New Yorker, who fought a duel recently, is reported to be in a private dwelling house at Niagara Falls, rapidly recovering from his wounds.

The Paris correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser says that the case against Horace Greely had not been finally settled, but merely adjourned, to allow time for obtaining evidence from New York.

Mr. Leonard Hill of East Bridgewater has a heifer calf that weighed 117 1-2 pounds at its birth. The cow is of the Devonshire and Durham breeds.

The Postmaster-General has issued an order forbidding postmasters to loan newspapers which have been left in their offices for delivery. Good.

A loafer in the West says, "it is wonderful what immense quantities of grain are used for distillation, beside considerable that is wasted for bread."

A number of flags have been received at the Navy Department, captured by Lieutenant Preble from piratical junks in the Chinese seas.

Marriages.

In this city, 27th ult., by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Rufus A. Jaculin to Miss Abigail Sawyer, Mr. Alexander Marshall to Miss Emeline L. Gardner, Mr. Porter S. Laughlin to Mrs. Mary Gray, all of Boston.

By Rev. Mr. Strieker, Mr. Nathaniel Palmer, of Charlestown, to Miss Elizabeth P. Worcester.

By Rev. Mr. Webster, Mr. John D. F. Brooks to Miss Amanda Trafatter.

By Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Daniel Sawerns to Miss Maria H. Vannevar.

By Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Robert Kirby, of New York, to Miss Augusta M. Stafford.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Thomas B. Green to Miss Charlotte Kelly.

At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Manns, Mr. Ephraim A. Taylor, of Charlton, to Miss Ann L. Wight.

At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burges, Mr. George W. Macbeth to Miss Almira C. Davis.

At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. B. D. Burley, of Boston, to Miss Mary Durell.

At Grantville, by Rev. Mr. Barrows, Mr. Claudius B. Patten, of Boston, to Miss Mary D. Perkins.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Bodge, Mr. Stephen Cross, Jr., to Miss Elizabeth Ann Ober.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Andrew J. Wait, of Boston, to Miss Sarah J. Noyes.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Charles E. Lord, of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Lucy H. Norris.

At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Alpheus D. Cobb, to Miss Philinda S. Edwards.

At Philadelphia, J. G. Wood, M. D., of Salem, Mass., to Miss Helen S. Walter, of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

In this city, Rebecca Catherine, aged 5 months, only child of William and Rebecca Miller. Henry King, eldest son of Frederick and Mary Small, 19. Mrs. Mary Ann Fuller, 67. Mr. John Jones, 61. Mr. Charles A. Whitman, 21. Mr. Isaac F. Joiner, 27.

At South Boston, Miss Mary A. Ladd, 36.

At Charlestown, Miss Eleanor Josephine Shea, 20. Miss Sarah Gill, 63. Miss Mary A. Cooper, 22.

At Somerville, Mrs. Susan S., wife of Hiram Allen, 40.

At Malden, Mrs. Anna Bowen, 81.

At Wilmington, Mrs. Anna Reynolds, 80.

At Dedham, Mrs. Sarah A. Ellis, 35.

At Natick, Mr. Jacob Bertram, 51.

At Newburyport, Mr. George Eliakim, of Boston, 30.

At Stoughton, Mr. Lewis Sumner, 21.

At Scituate, Mrs. Joanna W. Prouty, 79.

At East Sitver, Capt. Thomas W. Bowker, 70.

At Tewksbury, Mr. Enoch Foster, 61.

At Nantucket, Obed Southern Coon, 78.

At East Greenwich, R. I., Mr. Oliver Weeks, aged 100 years. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Alexander Ladd, Esq. 62.

At Francestown, N. H., Capt. Nathan Smith, 91.

At Webster, Worcester Co., on the 22d inst., of consumption, Miss Elizabeth H. Kimball, recently from Lowell, Mass., formerly from Hanover, N. H., aged 20.

At sea, on board steamer Golden Gate, on the passage from Panama to San Francisco, May 12, Mr. Stephen Myrick, a steerage passenger, æt. 40. His family reside at Lewiston Falls, Maine.

At sea, on board steamer Sierra Nevada, on the passage from San Juan del Sud, Andrew Taylor, of Springfield, Ill.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

BY E. H. BUDSON.

O sing again for me that strain
I loved in days gone by,
Awl let its thrilling notes again
Fill every murmur dle.

And I will cast all care aside,
All thoughts of earthly pain,
And live the sweet and dreaming hours
Of childhood o'er again.

Once more the light of early years
Will shine around my heart,
And memory, crowned with golden flowers,
Will from her slumber start:

And paint again the rainbow dreams,
Which in life's early days
Shed o'er this weary, weary heart,
Their bright celestial rays.

Once more a mother's hand will rest
Fondly upon my hair,
Again that voice, long hushed in death,
Will banish every care.

And friends the gentle and the true,
Will once again be mine,
And hope, to me a long lost star,
Across my path will shine.

In childhood's days I did not know
That love could e'er decay,
Or that time's chilling hand would come,
And steal youth's hopes away.

I would that I could lull to rest
This aching heart, that teems
With burning thoughts and maddening hopes,
Unanswered but in dreams.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BLANCHE MALCOLM:

—OR,—

TUTOR AND PUPIL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

At sunset, Blanche Malcolm went down the road, from her father's house, and across the fields, where the long, cool shadows sloped ashwart the green turf to the wooded hills on the horizon. She went thoughtfully and slowly, swinging her bonnet by the string, her eyes resting on the ground, mounting the stiles in her way, as though she never knew they were there, and without once looking up from the path. There was no need of looking about her to see which way she was taking, however, for Blanche had followed this road often enough to keep it, if she had chosen, with her eyes shut.

She made rather a pretty picture, as she strolled thus carelessly along; for although at fourteen this young girl was far from beautiful, yet her lithe, slim figure was one of natural grace, her large, deep, warm gray eyes, full of soul, and her mouth, though by no means small, was indescribably charming. And moreover, on this evening, as she went across the fields, the red sunset light shone with many a dancing gleam on her abundant, wavy brown hair, and the fre-h, cool wind from the western hills, kissed her fair young cheek into a faint and delicate bloom. To-night, Blanche looked as pretty as a wild blossom, and graceful as a fawn, as she took her way across the fields, to a cottage that was half-concealed from the way by the many trees that grew about it, and by the luxuriant flowering vines creeping over the gables.

Opening the low wicket, she went slowly up the well-kept walk. An old woman knelt by the turfed edge of a flower-bed, pulling up a stray weed that grew here and there among the blossoms. She looked up, as Blanche drew near, and nodded, murmuring some words of greeting.

"Good evening, Margery," said the young girl, cheerfully, "is your master at home?"

"Within, Miss Blanche—within," answered the old woman, nodding again towards the cottage.

Blanche passed on, through the open door, across the passage, and then proceeded straight into the little parlor, as one familiar with the place, as indeed she was. The only occupant of the apartment was a gentleman, who sat by the window, reading; no longer a young gentleman, for he had evidently seen twenty-eight or thirty years, and the quiet and somewhat grave air habitual to him, when in thought, announced the passage of youth. He was not strictly handsome, but yet there was a kind of proud, calm, tender beauty in his fine face—a noble and lofty grace in his bearing, that interested one. He looked up, with a smile of evident pleasure, as the young girl entered.

"So you have come, Blanche?" he said.

"I have come—yes, Louis. I hope you are glad to see me?" and, throwing down her bonnet she stood before him, her small hands clasped, and her handsome eyes beaming with answering smiles.

"Yes, seeing that you have not had your lessons to-day. You have not come to read with me now?"

"No, sir. But it was your fault that I lost my lessons. You did not come up. I waited for you."

"You had guests at home. I concluded that you would have neither opportunity nor inclination to study."

"How did you know we had guests, Louis?"

"It was very easy to tell. Your father's carriage went up the drive, this morning, with several persons in it. They were guests, of course. Cogsely has only your father and yourself, besides the domestics, my child," he answered, smiling.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and Mrs. Heath was one who came. She came to see the place. She has never been there before. Papa has gone home with her and the others, now."

A brief silence ensued, during which she carelessly turned the leaves of a book lying on the table beside her. Unspoken words seemed lingering on her lips.

"Louis," she said, finally, "I am going to Mrs. Heath's house in town, next week, with her. I am to stay till a few days before the wedding, which takes place, papa tells me, on the fifteenth of next month."

"Well," observed her auditor, quietly.

"And then," she continued, "papa will go up to London. They will come directly down, after the wedding. Papa hates a fuss, and Mrs. Heath does not care for a wedding tour, so that it will all go off with very little trouble."

"And then?" said the gentleman.

"And then? is that all you have to say, Louis? Of course, I shall have a new mother, then. I may like her, too, if she is good to me. That is, you know," and Blanche laughed—"if she does not exercise her motherly prerogative over me to an undue extent. You have never seen her. Shall I tell you how she looks?"

"If you please," Louis answered, carelessly.

"She is tall, then, and stately, with an air of easy and high bred grace; a fair, calm, and beautiful countenance, fine blue eyes, with golden lashes, and an abundance of silky, waving hair, of the same golden shade. She has very pleasing manners; the sweetness of her voice, the sense of her presence, makes an impression as if rose leaves were falling around you. She seems to be the gentlest—the loveliest tempered of women. So invariably pleasant, she is—I think when I behold her, of a long, long, cloudless summer's day."

"And so, my pupil, you are very much in love with this beautiful mamma-elect?" questioned Louis, regarding his little friend with a somewhat amused smile.

"Not exactly in love—no; for the fact is," she answered, with a laugh, and a slight and ingenuous blush, "that I am not able to fall in love suddenly; it takes me a long time to get up enthusiasm. I am rather indifferent to her just now, I believe. I dare say, however, you will like her, Louis. I think, as I said before, that I shall like her, too. It is my duty, is it not?"

"Love is not a question of duty, Blanche. And I rather suspect that it would be a hard matter for you to love a person because it might happen to be your duty. But you must try and make a good daughter."

"So I will, Louis. And now about the lessons. Shall it be a double one to-morrow, for to-day's deficiency?"

"No, take the usual quantity, and make it up in quality. I shall expect very excellent recitations to-morrow, when I come up."

"Shall I study this evening?"

"No, get your lessons in the morning. Evening is no time for translations. You want a mind as fresh as the flowers themselves. And do not study in the morning, either, until you have taken a walk, for it is injurious to both eyes and brain to task them immediately on rising. There will be plenty of time for preparation, as I shall not come up until ten."

"Louis, how good you are!" said the young girl, with a glance and tone of pleasure. "I am sure you are a very indulgent teacher."

"Not always, Blanche. You have owned me severe yourself, at times. You might find a more lenient one, my child."

"And would you let me go to another teacher, Louis?" she asked, regarding him earnestly and seriously.

"If you desired to go—yes."

"And wouldn't you feel sorry—the least bit in the world?"

"I should be content to let you depart," he answered evasively.

Blanche looked puzzled, and a little grieved, but she said no more.

"Come, Blanche," observed the gentleman, after a few minutes, and rising from his seat, as he spoke, "it is quite sundown. I will get my hat, and walk up home with you."

He got it, and then they went up the road, and across the fields together, hand in hand, towards the house of Blanche Malcolm's father.

They were teacher and pupil, and had been such for the last eight years; for Mr. Malcolm, had lost his wife when Blanche, their only child, was two years old; and when the little girl became of an age that required for her an instructor, disliking to send away from him the only thing that made home seem like home, and hating all governesses, music masters, and such necessary nuisances, he installed Louis Russell as the preceptor of Blanche, for Louis was an old friend, and, moreover, had in a quiet way, expressed a decided inclination for the office.

He had an ample fortune, and possessed talents of a brilliant order; but he chose rather to bury himself among the breezy solitudes of the country, than to join in the bustle and whirl of a London life. So he lived on, hermit fashion, year after year, in his cottage, leading a secluded, yet satisfactory existence, and careless, to a degree, of the world beyond the circling hills that bounded the horizon of Copseley.

Every day he went up to Mr. Malcolm's, to hear the recitations of his pupil, Blanche, and spend an hour with her father, who looked forward each morning to this visit, with as much interest as did Blanche herself. The remainder of the time was passed by Mr. Russell in studying, or in sketching, or fishing, or botanizing—any of the thousand and one out of door employments, in short, which are so full of interest for one who has a mind and soul in unison with the harmonies of nature.

Reclining carelessly, book in hand, among the grass, at the foot of some old orchard tree—sitting on some worn stile, or broken stone wall, with his sketch-book and pencils—down by the brook, alternately dividing the time between his fishing line and the perusal of some favorite author—or following winding paths among the far blue hills—such was the life of Louis, day after day—month after month, year in and year out. Monotonous it was not; for the life within blended with the life without, and the union was a perfect one. Not unfrequently, Blanche was his companion in these out-of-door recreations, and she enjoyed the privilege to the utmost. As an instructor, Louis was faultlessly thorough; every lesson was imparted with an interest on both sides, which could not fail to be followed by improvement; but after the lessons were over, he was no longer the master—only the friend and brother; yet so observant was his mind, so exquisitely toned, so finely cultivated, that even in the pursuit of the simplest amusements, he still imparted knowledge—still tinged with the warm and brilliant coloring of his own powerful intellect, the fresh and beautiful tablet of his young pupil's heart. So Blanche, continually surrounded by this happy influence, gained daily in moral and mental strength and loveliness. The care of Louis over her young mind, slight and insufficient as his secret watchfulness and anxiety deemed it, was daily rendering it a beautiful and delicate counterpart of his own. He was moulding it with a skilful and masterly touch, and, unknown to himself, working out an image that was one day to repay him fully with its graceful and noble perfection.

A kind yet strict preceptor was Louis. He had, however, for the first few years, a spirit untamed and free as that of some wild fawn, to encounter. Blanche was frolicsome, playful and rebellious, sometimes—a very kitten for mischief, and most decidedly fond of teasing her handsome and grave instructor, now and then. So well he trained her, however, that during her studies with him, she was as quiet and docile as he could wish. It was only "out of school" that she indulged in her propensity for mischief. It was before she had reached her teens, however, and Louis considered, with a child his handsome chief, his gloves, and hat, and made a mysterious affair of books which were occasionally missing, that his young charge was only a child, and therefore to be excused.

But he argued, too, that Blanche would not always be a child, and that these pretty tormenting ways would not always be looked upon as pretty, when she should have acquired the age when girls cease to be hoydens; and he accordingly began to give the matter serious thought. The wild and graceful freedom, so charming to partial eyes, would meet with censure from others. What could he do?

One day, after the lessons were over, and Louis, leaving her to play with her kittens, seated himself in the deep recess of a bay window, to read, she ran after him. Standing by his chair, she spoke to him two or three times, endeavoring to draw his attention from the article in which he was so deeply engaged. But, only half aroused, the young man merely laid his hand with a slow, abstracted caress, on hers, that was resting upon the arm of his chair, without looking up. Blanche was not content with this half notice. She was a little jealous of the book which occupied him so. Softly drawing it from his hand, she threw it out upon the lawn, among the deep grass, and then, with an arch and merry smile on her bright face, leaned against the window.

They regarded one another an instant. He quietly, and with a really serious look; not a single gleam of the usual ready laughter in his handsome eyes.

"Blanche," he said, presently, "that was very rude. Go and fetch me my book again."

"No, sir, if you please. I want you—not the book. I want you to talk with me. Papa can't. He's busy."

She stood with folded hands, her bright, smiling glance resting confidently on her master's face.

"No, Blanche, I shall not talk with you at present," he answered, gravely. "You did wrong, to behave in that manner. Pick up my book."

"I beg your pardon, Louis, I shall do no such thing. Don't be cross, now."

"Will you do as I request you, Blanche?" he asked again, in a quiet, serious manner.

"No, Louis," she answered.

He did not ask her a fourth time; but, taking up his hat, left the house, and went straight across the old field-path, home.

Blanche looked after him. She never hoped he would turn back. She knew him better than that. She knew he would come again to morrow, and be as kind and good as ever; but, if she did not pick up his book, it might lie there through all time, for he never would touch it again. A feeling of resentment against him, mingled with the consciousness of her own fault, possessed her most disagreeably for a little while, and, in those few moments, with more than her usual pride and impetuosity, Blanche resolved that she would never confess herself in the wrong, by acknowledging, in amending, her fault.

But Louis Russell knew her better than she knew herself; and he could have told her, that the next morning she would come to him, and, of her own free will, return his book. He was not surprised, then, at her going even farther than this; for that afternoon, as he sat in the quiet parlor of his lovely cottage, thinking of his little pupil, her many faults, and her many more excellent qualities, the gate swung back, a light, childish footfall was on the doorstone, and Blanche entered. She came straight towards him, and gave him the book.

"I picked it up, Mr. Russell. I am very sorry I behaved so this morning," she said.

The tears trembled in her eyes as she spoke. Louis was deeply moved. He knew the worth of the sacrifice which he knew had cost her pride so much—a sacrifice the sweeter to him, because it was involuntary. He took the book from her, laid it on the table, and then, making the child sit down by him, he talked with her long and seriously of her faults. It was with feelings of some pain on his side, and a few natural tears on hers; but it did them both good. He showed Blanche the line which she would be expected to tread when these childish days were gone by; and without making too grave a matter of it, displayed to her gaze the imperfections of her character as others would be apt to see them. The little ten year-old Blanche listened with tearful attention, and promised him to amend. And she did.

Mr. Malcolm was married. He had married Mrs. Heath—the beautiful and graceful widow of the late Robert Heath. One half the world asserted that Mr. Malcolm was the most fortunate man in the world, and the other half declared that the good fortune was more than equal on his wife's side; accordingly, as the lady was the envy of the women, and the admiration of the men, the gentleman was set down by all as decidedly a *bon parti*.

Blanche Malcolm, herself, cared very little what the world thought, or said, concerning the matter. Her father's new wife was excessively kind to her, and affairs went on at Copseley Manor very much the same as before this much-talked of marriage took place. Blanche had heard terrible stories about step-mothers. It seemed to her that hers was an exception to the general rule applying to this class. Mrs. Malcolm had very pleasant manners, and was invariably as gentle and affable as possible. Blanche told Louis how agreeable she was.

Louis came up every morning, as usual, to hear Blanche recite. Mrs. Malcolm heard the young lady read with him, and flatteringly complimented her on her proficiency. She came, nearly every day, into the pleasant little recitation room, to sit with her sewing, while the lessons were going on. Blanche's reading was mixed up with conversation with her mother. Louis had his attention distracted from his pupil's translation, by the pleasant remarks and observations of the latter. The lessons were somewhat less perfect than of yore.

Mrs. Malcolm rode out a great deal. Blanche had a pretty, gentle pony given her, and so accompanied her mother frequently.

The time for these recreations was generally in the morning, after breakfast; Blanche enjoyed them in the highest degree.

One morning, Louis, coming up at the usual hour for the reading, observed the horses standing, ready saddled at the door. Mrs. Malcolm and his pupil were just coming down into the hall, ready for their ride.

"Blanche," said the young man, after the usual morning salutations had been exchanged, "are you not going to read this morning?"

Blanche has prepared to make a call with me this morning, on the Willetts," said Mrs. Malcolm, with a charming smile. "Will you excuse her?"

"If her mother desires it—certainly," replied Louis, quietly.

"Go in and see papa," said Blanche, a sweet, affectionate glance beaming from her beautiful eyes; "and wait for me till we come back—will you? there will be time to read then."

The sudden change in the appointed hour, to day, caused Louis some inconvenience. He made no allusion to it, however, but assisted the ladies to their saddles, and went in to speak to Mr. Malcolm.

"Mamma," said Blanche, on the road—"I think Louis was somewhat disappointed at my going out just as he came up, don't you?"

"O, no, I think not," returned Mrs. Malcolm, in her sweet and musical voice, "and, then, you know, my dear, that an hour or two can make no material difference to him."

"But the delay, mamma—Louis is very particular about such things. The hour has been the same—with scarcely more than a single variation—for six or eight years. He is very particular."

"Unnecessarily so, I should think," answered the lady, suavely. "He must not be allowed to think that you can in every instance forsake enjoyment, when it offers, for that grave lesson hour. Why, my dear child, you are too strict, entirely. Do you not know that it is all the better to change once in a while?"

Blanche thought her mother ought to know more than herself, and so was silent. But, more than Louis? was her inward query. Blanche was doubtful. Doubtful still, when, the next morning she also was summoned to attend her mother during the morning ride. The lessons were missed altogether that day. Three days out of the next week, it was the same also.

* * * * *

"My dear Adele," said Mr. Malcolm, one morning to his wife, "do you not like Louis? he is a very fine young man."

"Very much," said the lady, sweetly; "he seems to be a person of excellent principles." Now, the last part of Mrs. Malcolm's assertion was uttered truly; the first part was utterly false. She did *not* like Louis Russell. He was in her way as regarded Blanche. She tried day by day, to loosen his hold. She was jealous of his influence. But she must work carefully, for her husband and Blanche liked him. Mrs. Malcolm put on his hat and went out. Mrs. Malcolm, in descending to the lower hall, met a domestic with a note in his hand. She divined its origin. Blanche had not seen Louis that morning.

"Who is that for, Thomas?" asked the lady.

"For Miss Blanche, madam. I was just taking it to her."

"Very well. She is not in, at present. You can lay it on her work-basket, in the reading room."

As soon as Thomas had executed his commission, Mrs. Malcolm quietly waited till he returned to the kitchen, and then, proceeding straight to the reading room, opened the unsealed note, that lay on Blanche's work-basket, read it; finally, laying it carelessly at the back of the basket, left the apartment, and returned, to the lower hall. Thomas was summoned to her presently. He found his mistress standing by the door, just where he had left her. He innocently imagined that she had remained there ever since. She quietly requested him to have the carriage at the door immediately after breakfast, and when Blanche came in, without being informed of the note which was waiting for her, she was requested to prepare for a drive with her mother, across the country. And, in half an hour, they were gone. A few moments after, Louis rode up to the house. Thomas was sorry to say that Miss Blanche was absent. Louis looked slightly puzzled

"Do you know, Thomas, whether she got a note, this morning, which was sent up to her?"

Thomas had taken it from the basket himself He had placed it with his own hand, on the work-basket in the reading room, when Miss Blanche was out. "Yes, she must have read it, although he had forgotten to mention it to her."

Louis turned away. Could it be possible that Blanche, knowing that he was coming up, by the contents of his note, had gone away without leaving him one word of reply?

That evening, he went up again, and having seen Blanche at the window of the reading room, proceeded directly thither. Her mother was there, also. He seldom saw his pupil, now, except in the presence of her mother.

"You read my note, this morning?" he said to the young girl, during their conversation.

"Your note?" She looked up inquiringly.

"I sent one up this morning. Thomas placed it, he told me, on your work basket. You did not see it, then?"

"No." Blanche rose, and crossed the apartment, to the table whereon the basket set. It was searched in vain. A closer hunt and the missive was discovered, having by some means, slipped down between the table and the wall. It was a simple slip of paper, folded, but not sealed.

She read its contents, and a shadow of disappointment crossed her fair, young face. The note contained a request that Blanche would ride with Louis that afternoon, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of the family, who lived some two miles distant, to examine some very beautiful paintings, which were to be carried away to London the next day. Mr. Malcolm had mentioned the thing to his daughter the week previously, and suggested that Louis should take her, but she half set no time to go, depending on the convenience of Louis.

"This is very unfortunate," she said, in a tone of regret. "If I only had seen the note! But I only came in just before dinner, and immediately afterwards mamma and I went away; and I suppose Thomas forgot to tell me it was there."

"Yes, it *is* unfortunate," echoed Mrs. Malcolm, with kind sympathy; "poor Blanche likes paintings so well."

"Could we not go to-morrow?" questioned the young man, of Blanche.

"There it is again!" she said, with a kind of laughing vexation. "Mamma and I, are going to London to-morrow, to spend a month with Mrs. Beauvais. And my lessons will suffer—wont they? I had almost forgotten that the interruption would occur, until now, I have been so full of my projected visit to town."

Louis said nothing. It was not the first time, by a great many, that these interruptions had occurred, of late. They were beginning to assume a meaning. Mrs. Malcolm expressed her regret, to Louis, that his pupil should so frequently disappoint him. "I am truly sorry for it," she said, in her sweet, sympathizing way, "but really, Blanche seems to have so many engagements, and one can scarcely have the heart to refuse the dear child these occasional recreations. Besides, I think she is beginning to grow a little pale. You must be merciful, my dear sir, and let her run away once in a while."

"How *excessively* kind she is!" thought Louis, silently. Mrs. Malcolm's graceful, winning manners did not charm him at all. He was audacious enough to differ from the world, in the opinion of his friend's wife. As little, innocent Blanche had said, "her presence seemed to scatter rose leaves about one." The rose leaves smothered Louis.

Ten minutes after, Mrs. Malcolm was obliged to go to the drawing-room, to receive a visitor, and the young man left the house. Blanche had been called away, too, some minutes before, so that he could not bid her good evening. But as he was crossing the lawn, light footsteps came flying after him; a pink dress fluttered in the twilight, and Blanche was by his side—her hand resting on his arm.

"Louis, you were not going away without seeing me, were you?" she said, half reproachfully.

"I thought you were engaged?" he replied, quietly.

"No, indeed. Only Mason wanted me a few moments. I wanted to ask you, Louis, what you think of my being so remiss in duty, lately; it is too bad, isn't it?" she added, in a low tone.

Louis smiled at her careful utterance. "My dear child," he said, "of course it is not at all agreeable to me; but why do you speak so softly—will any one rebuke you for expressing an opinion?"

Blanche blushed. "O, no, but—I suppose mamma knows better what to do for me than I know myself, and I would not have her even surmise that I think differently from her. She is so good, Louis. She is always as kind to me as possible; and she likes you, too."

Blanche thought a great deal of this last consideration; more than her companion did; but he let her have her own way of thinking. She told him of her suddenly planned visit to London.

"I knew nothing about it a week ago," she said; "but Mrs. Beauvais wrote to mamma, and so it was all settled. Was it not kind of mamma, to say she would take me?" she added, in a happy tone.

"And yet," she continued, after a moment's pause, "I almost wish, sometimes, that I were not going. I was looking in one of my books, yesterday morning, and thinking how much I lose, lately," and a half-sigh finished her words.

At that moment, the companions were interrupted by the approach of Marie, a pretty and coquettish French maid, whom Mrs. Malcolm had procured purposely to wait on Blanche.

"*Pardonnez*, m'amselle," she said, respectfully, "but madame requests that you will not stay long in the night air. She would like m'amselle to come in directly."

"Your young lady will obey in a few moments," said Louis, coolly; and the maid, with a "bien, monsieur," disappeared.

Mrs. Malcolm was strangely particular. Louis remembered that she had allowed Blanche to walk in the moonlit garden with her several times, until late in the evening.

He did not say it, however, but stood by the side of Blanche, holding her hand.

"The last time for a month, my dear child," he said, in a kind, but sad tone.

"I know it, Louis—a whole month. O, it will seem so long before I come back."

The young girl tried to laugh away the tears that were gathering in her eyes. It was useless. They gathered faster, as the soft "good night" lingered in its utterance.

Why did Louis hesitate? Blanche was only a child, innocent and loving. Was she not his pupil, too? almost his own child, in aff Louis did not send to ask Mrs Malcolm but exercising his little companion with h left his benediction on her lips.

And the maid, Marie, who had stood while, just within the hall door—probably ing the moonlight, which was beginning the tree tops—fled, horrified, to madame ment, to tell "la maitresse" in her rapid that "Monsieur Louis had been seen m'amselle, in the garden." Madame pe her daughter's maid with a new dress morning.

A month had passed away, and B pretty and bright as the field flowers in h was flying down to the cottage of Lou more; her eyes sparkling, a faint, clear g her young cheek, and her step—

"Light as Camilla's over the unbent corn

To the partial eyes of her master, she lovelier than ever, that morning, as th over their books together.

"How have you enjoyed your visit to he asked, while they sat in the readin Mrs. Malcolm, for a wonder, as Louis was not with them. It seemed like old

"O, it was very pleasant up there," swered, with some animation. "Mrs. M is a delightful woman. And then she genious in her plans to please us. She daughter, Henriette, ah, such a charming girl, Louis! We were very happy to or, at least, I was."

"Yes, it *is* unfortunate," echoed Mrs. Malcolm, with kind sympathy; "poor Blanche likes paintings so well."

"With Henriette. But—" and a pres stole over her cheek—"Henriette was n I thought of you often. I talked with h you; and she told me about her bro whom she is very proud."

"What did she say of him?" asked carelessly playing with a pencil.

"That he was extremely handsome, everybody admired him. He is in B They do not expect him home under a least. Henriette is so fond of him! S for the time of his return, as she says, may see him.' Mamma asked Mrs Bea show me his portrait, and some beauti which he sent home from Italy."

"Ah! and did the portrait corrobo enthusiastic praise of your friend, Henri

"Yes. If he is as good as he is han do not wonder that she prizes him so Henriette is coming down to Copseley mother, to return our visit, sometime. see her, Louis—she is so pretty."

"The mother!" questioned Louis, d

"No, the daughter," was the laughin of Blanche.

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Mrs. Malcolm had been thinking; only thinking, but planning. A month dear friend, Mrs. Beauvais, and man fidential conversation with that lady, with the impression which Blanche had that quarter, had favorably perfected the They were ripe for execution now.

"My dear Adele," said Mrs. Beau ing one of these conferences concerning and her affairs, "your most success will be to send her away until Arthur By that time, all impressions formed positive direction will necessarily have t troyed. She might go to school with this year; they are very fond of on and then persuade her father to allow h her vacations here. Why, my dear fri a confident smile accompanied her wo affair is as simple as possible, in t Louis, and you are so excellent a while, I, I flatter myself, am not an one."

A delicate compliment from the el Malcolm, a soft, triumphant little la their own skilful diplomacy, and the n settled.

It had taken Mrs. Malcolm but a fe by clever contrivance, to break throu tablished customs of years, in her household. All she required now, w ned reliance on herself; and, with suc as hers, this was not likely to fail h time of need. She knew that Mr. Ma the greatest confidence in Louis, and satisfied with the progress of Blanche tion; and that, moreover, he detest mies for young ladies; where, he w tomed to declare, all sorts of mischie ried on; still, she did not despair ment would do everything.

With quiet tact, therefore, she grade ed the subject to him in a way that pr most favorable tone for her plans. H tactician was she, that she not only half him of the opinions he had formed, bu him to consider seriously the feasibilit ing her suggestions, before the exp half an hour.

"Only, my dear Adele," he said, "I am not at all sure that Blanche sent to this plan. She has become so ed to Louis, for a teacher; and really know that she would receive more be from home, than she does as the present."

"I think she would, decidedly," an in her sweet, persuasive way; "and know, she will have companions, re lent ones, too, of her own age; which better for the poor child, than being in this quiet country house with only society. Besides, she will be much pared to enter into society. Blanche make a very beautiful woman, and w occasions among the circles of our Lon to a one of these days. Come, Edwa really not my heart on this. You can me?"

And he did not. It was with a s agreeable sensation, however, that he the surprise and pain which it would to learn that her pupil, after all these to be taken away from him, without notice. Mr. Malcolm was sorry whom he loved like an own son, or he was ashamed of himself, but what

pupil, too! almost his own child, in affection! Louis did not send to ask Mrs Malcolm's leave, but encircling his little companion with his arm, left his benediction on her lips.

And the maid, Marie, who had stood all this while, just within the hall door—probably enjoying the moonlight, which was beginning to silver the tree tops—fled, horrified, to madame's apartment, to tell "la maitresse" in her rapid French, that "Monsieur Louis had been seen kissing m'amselle, in the garden." Madame presented her daughter's maid with a new dress the next morning.

A month had passed away; and Blanche, pretty and bright as the field flowers in her path, was flying down to the cottage of Louis, once more; her eyes sparkling, a faint, clear glow on her young cheek, and her step—

"Light as Camilla's over the unbent corn."

To the partial eyes of her master, she looked lovelier than ever, that morning, as they bent over their books together.

"How have you enjoyed your visit to town?" he asked, while they sat in the reading room. Mrs. Malcolm, for a wonder, as Louis thought, was not with them. It seemed like old times.

"O, it was very pleasant up there," she answered, with some animation. "Mrs. Beauvais is a delightful woman. And then she is so ingenious in her plans to please us. She has one daughter, Henriette, ah, such a charming young girl, Louis! We were very happy together—or, at least, *I* was."

"With Henriette?"

"With Henriette. But—" and a pretty blush stole over her cheek—"Henriette was not Louis. I thought of you often. I talked with her about you; and she told me about her brother, of whom she is very proud."

"What did she say of him?" asked Louis, carelessly playing with a pencil.

"That he was extremely handsome, and that everybody admired him. He is in Italy now. They do not expect him home under a year, at least. Henriette is so fond of him! She longs for the time of his return, as she says, 'that I may see him.' Mamma asked Mrs. Beauvais to show me his portrait, and some beautiful gifts which he sent home from Italy."

"Ah! and did the portrait corroborate the enthusiastic praise of your friend, Henriette?"

"Yes. If he is as good as he is handsome, I do not wonder that she prizes him so highly. Henriette is coming down to Copseley with her mother, to return our visit, sometime. You will see her, Louis—she is so pretty."

"The mother?" questioned Louis, demurely.

"No, the daughter," was the laughing answer of Blanche.

* * * *

Mrs. Malcolm had been thinking; and not only thinking, but planning. A month with her dear friend, Mrs. Beauvais, and many a confidential conversation with that lady, together with the impression which Blanche had made in that quarter, had favorably perfected those plans. They were ripe for execution now.

"My dear Adele," said Mrs. Beauvais, during one of these conferences concerning Blanche and her affairs, "your most successful course will be to send her away until Arthur returns. By that time, all impressions formed in the opposite direction will necessarily have been destroyed. She might go to school with Henriette this year; they are very fond of one another, and then persuade her father to allow her to pass her vacations here. Why, my dear friend," and a confident smile accompanied her words—"the affair is as simple as possible, in competent hands, and you are so excellent a manager while I, I flatter myself, am not an unskilful one."

A delicate compliment from the elated Mrs. Malcolm, a soft, triumphant little laugh over their own skilful diplomacy, and the matter was settled.

It had taken Mrs. Malcolm but a few months, by clever contrivance, to break through the established customs of years, in her husband's household. All she required now, was continued reliance on herself; and, with such a nature as hers, this was not likely to fail her, in the time of need. She knew that Mr. Malcolm had the greatest confidence in Louis, and was fully satisfied with the progress of Blanche under his tuition; and that, moreover, he detested academies for young ladies; where, he was accustomed to declare, all sorts of mischief was carried on; still, she did not despair. Management would do everything.

With quiet tact, therefore, she gradually operated the subject to him in a way that promised the most favorable issue for her plans. No skilful a tactician was she, that she not only half disabused him of the opinions he had formed, but even led him to consider seriously the feasibility of adopting her suggestions, before the expiration of half an hour.

"Only, my dear Adele," he said, doubtfully, "I am not at all sure that Blanche would consent to this plan. She has become so accustomed to Louis, for a teacher; and really, I do not know that she would receive more benefit away from home, than she does as things are at present."

"I think she would, decidedly," said his wife, in her sweet, persuasive way; "and then, you know, she will have companions, really excellent ones, too, of her own age; which is so much better for the poor child, than being kept here in this quiet country house with only our sober society. Besides, she will be much better prepared to enter into society. Blanche is going to make a very beautiful woman, and will create a sensation among the circles of our London beauties one of these days. Come, Edward, I have really set my heart on *this*. You cannot refuse me!"

And he did not. It was with a rather disagreeable sensation, however, that he thought of the surprise and pain which it would cost Louis to learn that his pupil, after all these years, was to be taken away from him, without a week's notice. Mr. Malcolm was sorry for Louis, whom he loved like an own son, or brother. He was ashamed of himself, but what was to be done? He could not refuse his wife, as she had said, a desire which she seemed so earnestly to cherish. "And then she is so fond of Blanche," he thought. So he swallowed the honeyed pill, and tried hard not to taste the bitterness within.

The affair was not immediately mentioned to Blanche; but, the next week, according to arrangement, Henriette Beauvais was sent down from London by her mother, to request that Blanche might attend the —— Academy with her, the next term. Now Henriette was really a pretty and charming young girl, perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the manœuvres in this plan, and equally free from the art which characterized her mother and Mrs. Malcolm.

She described with effusion, to Blanche, the delights of a boarding-school life; and Blanche, pleased with her animated pictures of its enjoyments, willing to meet her friend's wishes, and dazzled by the skilful persuasion of her mother; forgetting Louis—forgetting the happy hour-lessons, all but the subject set, with such masterly care before her, was with little difficulty, won to a consent.

It was not until her head rested on the pillow, at midnight, that the full reality of all this presented itself to her. That she was going to leave home for so long a time—to leave her father—to leave her old books—her old teacher, Louis. Louis! with that name, the tears rushed sorrowfully from their source. What had she done? what would Louis think? Blanche turned her face to the pillow and wept silently. Not long, however, for youth and sorrow in connection, have not often the power to resist slumber; and by and by, the young girl was fast asleep, with the spent tears glittering on her dark eyelashes.

The next morning, with a serious countenance and something that felt most marvellously like a twinge of conscience, Mr. Malcolm took his way down to the cottage of Louis, to inform him of the sudden change of affairs with regard to Blanche. Louis, as he had guessed would be the case, made very few comments on the matter; but there was something in his face—in his tone, quiet and calm, comparatively, though they were, that told, more plainly than words, of the sadness that this intelligence caused him. He could see, however, that Mr. Malcolm was the one the least and most unwillingly concerned in the removal of Blanche; and so, to avoid increasing the chagrin which he knew he already felt, Louis put by his own feelings for the present, as far as he could. But he was well assured of the instigator of the mischief. He put by Mrs. Malcolm's case for future examination.

Blanche came down, too, as soon as breakfast was over. She entered the parlor with a step slow and sorrowful, the very opposite of her usual merry-hearted tread. Her downcast eyes, that she dared not lift to her master's face, were heavy, and full of silent tears. She knew her father had been down and told the whole story; what remained for her to say?

Louis did not wait for her to speak; meeting her as she entered, he silently seated her by him; and drawing his arm tenderly about her, pressed a brother's kiss upon her heated forehead. There they sat, for a long time, without uttering a word; the heart of each too full for words; but they understood each other. The tears of the young girl, however, partially ceased, in a while, and then, in a low and trembling voice, she told him of the time fixed for her departure with Henriette for London. It was the next week.

"So soon!" murmured Louis, with stern sadness. But the sudden rebellion of his impatient nature, at this final piece of tyranny, was unavailing. He crushed down his own sorrow, to soothe that of Blanche. As long as she *must* go, he thought it would be most prudent to cheer her up as much as possible, instead of mourning with her for things inevitable. "Let the present be, I bide my time," he thought. So he calmed the low sobs, and scattered the shining tears with the April sunshine of dawning smiles, and talked with Blanche quietly of the new position she was about to assume. He lingered on the idea of her absence, in order that they might both in a degree familiarize themselves with it; spoke to her in a grave, kind, quiet manner, of her duties and responsibilities, and succeeded, much to his own surprise, in giving her a few judicious words of excellent advice, without once breaking down, in the midst of the strong emotion that sometimes, despite his utmost efforts, threatened to stop his voice. He promised to remember and love her always; and asked her, for her father's sake, and his own, to use, to the best of her ability, the advantages provided for her. He felt that he was at least, bound in honor, to refrain, as things stood now, from combating Mrs. Malcolm's influence at present; so he yielded to circumstances now. He would not speak of their meeting again. He waited till the time should come.

Blanche once away from home, and, as her mother fondly hoped, removed from the range of Louis Russell's influence, and the lady's plans were safe. She maintained a constant correspondence with her graceful and equally subtle friend, Mrs. Beauvais, in which the two kept each other advised of the course affairs took, from time to time. It was at the residence of Mrs. Beauvais, that Mr. Malcolm had first met his present wife; and these two ladies being firm friends, what was there remarkable in the fact that they had conceived the plan of bringing about a union between the step-daughter of one, and the son of the other? Especially as there was ample wealth on both sides, and such a match would bind those dear friends by still closer ties? Of course, the affair had never been mentioned to the parties most nearly concerned—that was out of the question, as yet. Arthur Beauvais, as Blanche had told Louis, was still in Italy, and the time of his return, and Blanche's emancipation from school, would take place together. Meanwhile, Blanche must be removed from the society of Louis, that affairs, as they seemed to Mrs. Malcolm's eyes to be progressing, might not take a course which should completely destroy the plans of these sagacious mothers. To this end, had been the constant vigilance exercised over Blanche; for this had her lessons been gradually suspended, her communication with Louis been broken up; Mrs. Malcolm had kept watch and ward over the two; her anxiety was at rest now.

Every letter that Arthur Beauvais sent home was forwarded to Henriette, who, of course, as was natural, and as the mammas meant should be done, exhibited them joyfully to Blanche; thus, in her innocence, furthering the great plan. The letters were full of vivacity and interest, for Arthur possessed both deep eloquence and a fine intellect, together with a certain brilliancy of description, which rendered him fascinating as a letter writer. These missives, then, pleased Blanche excessively. They, together with Henriette's enthusiastic encomiums on her brother, aroused the curiosity, and excited the imagination, of our little innocent Blanche. Henriette wrote to him, long, animated, affectionate letters and mentioned Blanche in every one, among her details of school-life. Blanche laughed and blushed a little at this, of course. Once, in reading Arthur's letters (a privilege which Henriette granted to no one else), she acknowledged a merry kind of grudge against her friend, for having such a brother, who dwelt in Italy, and who wrote such delightful letters, while *she* was denied the charming privilege. This Henriette mischievously repeated, word for word, when she wrote to Arthur the next time. Arthur sent a gay response, and so an acquaintance was initiated by proxy, between her handsome brother and her shy friend.

So far, so good. Matters were progressing admirably for the success of Mrs. Malcolm and Mrs. Beauvais. As had been arranged, by judicious management, the vacation of the young girls was settled to be spent at the house of Henriette. Louis, in his quiet cottage, had looked forward to this vacation, when he counted confidently on seeing Blanche. What was his astonishment and indignation, then, to learn the alteration in his hopes? He smiled at himself, once, to see how earnest he was becoming, over the disappointment. It was too bad, at all events. He had received one letter from her—a warm, frank, loving letter, just like herself; (spite of Mrs. Malcolm's inclination, he knew), and he prized it more than anything else he possessed. Why could he not see her? Why not go directly up to London, and make the attempt, in defiance of her step mother?

He did not pause to ask himself a second time. On the day following Christmas, Louis was in town. How should he see her, however, without calling directly at the house of Mrs. Beauvais? which, by the-way, Louis now, with some amusement, remembered that he had not the slightest knowledge of. He was at a complete stand.

At this juncture, it really seemed as if fortune were in his favor, for, in passing along one of the most fashionable and crowded thoroughfares, he beheld an elegant plain carriage draw up before a jeweller's establishment, and Blanche, with two ladies, step out. She saw him, too, as she did so; and, with a little cry of delight, held out both hands to him. Regardless of Mrs. Beauvais and Henriette, they abandoned themselves, for a moment, to the pleasure of that unexpected meeting; until Blanche, recollecting herself, with a slight blush, introduced them.

Mrs. Beauvais acknowledged the introduction gracefully, and with apparent pleasure, skilfully covering her real feelings, in the midst of this (to her) most disagreeable *rencontre*. Since what had happened thus, she would not excite his suspicion, and, perhaps, arouse opposition and resistance, in case he was so inclined, by allowing herself to treat him as haughtily as she felt disposed to. She divined, in an instant, the purpose of his visit to town; and resolved to outgeneral him. With the greatest affability, then, she invited him to call on Blanche, at her house, whenever he felt so pleased, during his stay in London; to which proposition, he, of course, gladly assented.

He remained conversing with them a few moments, and then left them, promising the delighted Blanche to call the next day. He did so; and was informed that Blanche was out. The same thing happened the day after; and calling, almost against his will, on the day following that, he learned that she had suddenly left London. Mrs. Beauvais had outwitted him.

In truth, Blanche had left town now, in company with Henriette, to visit an aunt of the latter, before they went back to school; but she had been at home, waiting for Louis, both times when he had called. Mrs. Beauvais pretended perfect ignorance of his having done so; and when, finally, she affected, to Blanche, to discover that he *had* called, the circumstance of his non admission was imputed to some blunder of the domestic.

So Blanche was obliged to return, with much disappointment, to school, without having seen him. She addressed a letter to him, however, full of sorrow for the provoking mistakes by which they had been prevented from meeting.

Louis received the communication, guessed pretty correctly at the character of the "mistakes," from their repetition, sighed over the unsuspicious, easily deceived nature of Blanche, and secretly promised, that, if the artifice were that of Mrs. Beauvais, on behalf of her friend, Mrs. Malcolm, it should recoil on herself.

He returned home immediately. His cottage looked lonelier than ever. The wide, bare, snowy fields, had lost all their beauty. The skies were cold and gray; the brook, where he had seen so much to admire in the summer and autumn, when he sat on the bank, under the willows, with Blanche, with his book and his fishing rod, went dark, struggling, foaming, over the stones. It had not even the beauty of ice. He drew the window curtains, and shut himself in his formerly cheerful little parlor, at evening, and tried to read; but the wind wailed without, with mournful dirges; the shadows danced and wavered on the walls; the branches of the trees creaked, and with their skeleton fingers, tapped against the window panes; and sometimes he sat listening to the wild, dreary sounding voice of the midnight storm, until he was ready to die with loneliness and mournful fancies. Bachelor life was becoming a bugbear to him. He resolved, finally, with sudden determination, to shut up his cottage and escape from this wilderness. His design was soon put into execution. He told no one of this, except Mr. Malcolm, who, hating to have him leave the neighborhood for the present, urged him to change his resolution; but Louis was fixed.

In a short time, then, he had established himself at a fashionable London hotel, and entered, at thirty, upon the busy stage of life, from which he had so long and contentedly secluded himself.

Louis was everywhere well received—partly, by the gentlemen, for the sake of the memory of his father, for the elder Russell had been a star in London society, in his day; partly, for the passport of good birth and good breeding, as well as for his noble exterior, and seriously beautiful countenance, which, together or separately, are welcomed by all; and partly, as he very well knew, for his wealth. His company was sought for continually. Praised by some, flattered by others, courted and liked by all, he moved on quietly amid the whirl and bustle of fashionable life, caring very little for it, except so far as it relieved the *ennui* that was beginning to wear upon him, whenever he shut himself up, and returned, in any considerable degree, to his former mode of life. Two letters he received from Blanche, during those months which preceded the spring—long, glowing, full written letters, telling him all about her school-life, about her father and mother (asking innocently, in return, for all the news from home, which Louis was not able to give, seeing that he abstained altogether from visiting Copseley now), telling him about her lessons, her companions, Henriette, etc. He liked to receive these letters: in the midst of the throng of city-bred, June beauties, that he met and mingled with daily, passing from one group of fashion and frivolity to another, it was a sweet and strange sensation with which, turning away from it all, he lingered over these innocent, happy, loving letters, and recalled the fresh young face of the writer. He knew that, as soon as her studies were over, she was to be introduced, with Henriette; he pictured to himself her appearance—her manners. Surely, they could not change for the better; and he almost dreaded the exposure of his little violet to the glare and glitter of this restless world in which he moved. Yet he longed to see her.

It was at the close of a lovely spring day. Long shadows, sloped westward among the declining sunbeams that gilded wood and glade, field and garden, at Copseley. And Blanche Malcolm, returned home that day, stood within the gate that opened into the garden of the cottage, with her father. She learned to-day, for the first time (for Louis had not informed her in his letters), that her master had deserted his old home. The change struck her mournfully, as she looked about her.

"How sad it all looks, papa!—the cottage so silent and quiet—the garden so neglected! How long has Louis been gone?"

"Six months. Yes, it *does* look sad, since he left it. He got weary of it, I suppose. I do not know why, I am sure. Everything seems changed, lately." And Mr. Malcolm sighed, unconsciously.

"I should like to go in," said Blanche, as they came up the weed grown path. She tried the door; it was locked. One of the long windows, however, looking out on the garden, was unfastened. She threw it up.

"Yes, you may as well go in, if you desire it," said her father. "I am going over to farmer Eastman's, a little while. I will speak to you as I come back."

He went; and Blanche, stepping in through the window, found herself once more in the cottage of Louis—in the room he had loved best. She stood silent a few moments, looking, with a strange, sad feeling at her heart, upon the place deserted by his presence. There, on the table, were the books he had used oftenest. There were the marks among the leaves, where his hand had placed them last. There was the chair he had sat in. Dust had settled on it now. A little heap of dead ashes lay on the hearth. Wild airs had scattered them out upon the cold stone. No sound was in the desolate apartment but the beating of her own sorrowful, young heart. No footstep on the stairs—no voice to say, as his had said so gently, "Blanche, you are welcome!"

The warm tears gathered, and sparkled on her cheek, before she knew it. When would she know such happiness again, as she had known in those childish days?

A ray of sunshine streamed through the window, and struck upon some glittering object, in the opposite corner. Moving forward, she picked it up. It was a ring—a tiny gold circlet, scarcely larger than a small wire; a ring which she had seen on Louis's finger hundreds of times. It must have been lying there ever since he went away—dropped, perhaps, and forgotten. She hesitated an instant, and then placed it, with a half smile, and a falling tear, upon her own hand. It was little she could keep, to remember him—and he had worn it. If she should meet him in London, she thought, she could return it to him.

Passing through the intervening rooms, she went out, by a back door, into the garden in rear of the cottage. Everything here had the same deserted appearance; and the sunset shot its slant beams athwart the tangled weeds and long grass in the neglected beds, making all this desolation look a thousand times more desolate. Blanche stood, in mournful silence, with folded hands, and downcast eyes, beside the moss-grown curb of the old well. How sadly ancient memories came back to her now!

A step was on the door sill—on the grass-grown pathway. Some one stood beside her, with glad and quiet smiles, and a glance of happy affection rested on her unconscious face.

"Blanche, my pupil, what are you dreaming of?"

With an irrepressible exclamation of joy and surprise, she raised her head, and beheld Louis.

For a moment's space, neither could speak. Both were too happy for words. Louis stood with her hands clasped in his own, his eyes fixed on her sweet, glad face, and his heart beating with a throb that it had never felt before. His first impulse had been to gather her to his breast, and kiss her, as he had done in times gone by, when her childish lips had met his so lovingly; but she was no longer a child now. A year of absence had changed the laughing little maiden into a fair, graceful, blushing young girl, whose sweet glance, raised with half timid affection, to his face, repressed the sudden inclination. No; the softened loveliness of early womanhood dawned in those clear eyes. Blanche was no longer his plaything—his merry little pet of other years. Tenderly—respectfully—with the deference he would have paid to a crowned queen, Louis raised her hand to his lips. A soft deepening of color, the downcast glance, were the only indications that she marked the change.

A few moments of silence on both sides, and then, with the consciousness of the present mingling with the transactions of the past, they found sufficient conversation to occupy them. Louis told her of his life after her departure, of his desertion of his old home, and his change to a London life. "Did you miss me, Blanche, when you came down here this afternoon?" he said.

She told him how lonely it had seemed without him; and he was secretly pleased. She wondered that he should have happened to come down on that particular afternoon, as he said, to look about the place—it being the very afternoon of her return. She forgot that she had casually mentioned to him, in one of her letters, the day when she should come back to Copseley; and Louis did not confess that, instead of "coming down to see the place," he had come in the hope of seeing her. It was more than he had hoped for, that she should seek the field of old memories and old affections at the first—and that, too, under the surveillance of her step mother, who, he rightly guessed, would have prevented such a step; but, as he learned, Mrs. Malcolm had not been at home when Blanche arrived, and was not yet returned. Owing to this circumstance, Blanche was at liberty for the day. No one was sorry.

Even Mr. Malcolm, himself, it must be acknowledged, did not wholly regret his wife's temporary absence, though perhaps he scarcely knew it himself; for, almost unconsciously to him, there lay in the depths of his heart a faint perception of the more ostentatious character of her affection for Blanche, and a slight shrinking from displaying to her cooler gaze the unrestrained happiness of his meeting with his daughter, after their year's separation.

It is probable that, if she had been at home, Blanche would have been sitting, at sunset, in the drawing-room of Copseley, by her side, instead of down here in this quiet and deserted garden, talking happily with the very person, with whom, of all others, Mrs. Malcolm would wish that she should not talk. Louis thought of this; but his companion had no such idea. Her mother had always professed, to her, to like Louis, and Blanche, in her innocence, believed it. Thus, of course, she apprehended no danger in thus sitting with her old teacher, on the rustic bench by the door. If Mrs. Malcolm had happened to come into the garden at that moment, Blanche would, probably, in the innocence of her heart, have asked her to sit down with them. She did not come, however, and there they remained, conversing with each other, until the sun was nearly down. Mr. Malcolm did not come, either; probably he had been detained by farmer Eastman longer than he had anticipated.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 232.]

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

O, THE CHANGING!

BY E. G. DENIO.

O the changing, the changing,
In this busy world of ours,
Where all is so uncertain,
And fleeting as the hours—
Where the bright hopes of to-day
Fade with the coming morrow,
And the tones of mirth and glee
Are changed to notes of sorrow.

O the changing, the changing,
How it falls upon the heart—
To feel that what we love so much,
Must vanish and depart,
That all is so mutable
In this sad world of ours,
As evanescent as the sunbeam,
And fading as the flowers.

O the changing, the changing,
Of the pageantry of earth—
Where the scenes are shifting ever,
Like the fire light on the hearth,
Whose glowing shadows lengthen
To glimmer and die away—
Like the sunset hues of even,
Which fade with the light of day.

O the changing, the changing,
How it dims the eye with tears—
To know that all we cherish,
The treasured hopes of years,
Are changing, as the tide of time
Rushes onward in its might,
Bearing from our sight away
All that makes the world seem bright.

O the changing, the changing—
Thou never canst find a spot,
Go search the wide world over,
Where sorrow and change come not;
Then mortal, look above thee,
To a brighter world on high,
Where joy springs eternally,
And where pleasures never die.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BLANCHE MALCOLM:
—OR,—
TUTOR AND PUPIL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 231.]

Presently, however, observing the approaching twilight, Blanche rose to go, and then, for the first time, she remembered the ring she had found. She mentioned the circumstance to him, and was taking it from her finger to return it to him; but Louis gently held her hand, and prevented the act.

"Nay, let it stay," he said; "I lost it the night before I went to London, and was unable to find it again. I may lose it a second time, if I take it. Keep the ring, Blanche, for my sake, or the sake of the dear old days when you was my pupil, and I your master."

A look of sad and serious thought settled in his fine eyes, as he held his companion's hands. She regarded him for a moment with silent earnestness.

"Do you regret, then, those days, Louis?" she said; "I was a torment to you; you called me 'mischief,' sometimes, I was so wild, then."

"You were my happiness, Blanche," he answered, with grave kindness, "and my pride. O, my child, my little Blanchette, I wish almost that your childhood could have lasted forever!" And his voice had a kind of bitter mournfulness in it, making the young girl herself sorrowful.

"I wish, sometimes, that it might have been so, Louis. I was so happy! And now mamma has persuaded my father to allow me to be introduced immediately; and I so dread that terrible whirlpool of what they call 'society,' in London! I don't want to leave Copsley. I have left it already, for a whole year. I wish mamma had not decided on my coming out, this season; but Mrs. Beauvais urged her."

He listened, and mused. Mrs. Beauvais and Mrs. Malcolm! They were intensely interested in his pupil, for some reason or other, which, truth to say, he more than half guessed at.

"Blanchette," he said, with serious eyes, "do you know what they are going to take you to London for?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you please."

"They are going to take you there, then, my pet, to marry you. I do not like it. I promise you I shall be jealous. Blanche, look at me," and he stood before her, with her two hands clasped in his; "how much do you love your old teacher?"

The quick blushes wavered on her cheeks, but she saw that through the half gayety he assumed, he was in earnest. His deep eyes, with a glance of heart-feeling in them, that they had never worn in her childish days, were fixed earnestly upon her.

"Nay, Louis," she answered, evasively, and with an air of playfulness, that sought to cover the quick emotion—the sudden thrill that his manner, more than his words, caused, "you are not so indulgent as you used to be—you never put me in a corner before."

The young girl's blushes—the trembling of voice that she vainly strove to hide—filled him with an inexpressible pleasure.

"I will take you out, now, it that is the case," and he pressed her hand to his lips; "but remember, I shall not allow you to go and spend this season in town, without some stipulations."

She was silent. At that instant, steps were heard within the house, and the next moment, Mr. Malcolm appeared at the door.

"Well, this is unexpected, Louis," he exclaimed, with surprise and pleasure, as his eyes fell on Blanche's companion; "how did you happen to come down this afternoon?"

"It seems that I came to meet this young lady," replied that gentleman, smiling archly, and glancing at her bright face.

A few gay words followed, and then they left the garden and the cottage, and went up the road in the direction of Copsley, together. Louis was pressed earnestly by Mr. Malcolm to enter and pass the evening with them. He declined, however. He had no desire to meet Blanche's stepmother; but, after the young girl had gone into the house, he stood by the gate, conversing with her father in a low tone, for at least an hour. And when Mr. Malcolm came in, his face was more serious than usual. He kissed Blanche with even more tenderness than he was in the habit of showing, as she met him, on his entrance. His glance followed her bright form, thoughtfully, as she went about that evening. He was thinking of things that she did not dream of—that his wife did not dream of, as, meeting Blanche, and remarking the improvement in her appearance, she speculated, with elated self-confidence, upon the ultimate success of her plans with Mrs. Beauvais.

The ceremony of introduction was over. Blanche was no longer a lingerer behind the scenes. She was taking her part among the brilliant circles of London beauty and gayety, of which, in a short time, she became the fairest star. Her name was on a thousand lips. Her loveliness, her freshness, proved a more potent lode-star than the *passe* charms of belles in their second season. Mrs. Beauvais was in raptures.

"Adele," she said to her friend, "we are *certain* of success. Arthur cannot behold so much loveliness without becoming a sincere admirer. He will be at home shortly. We must be patient. How is it with that teacher—that Louis Russell?"

"O, he is safe enough," was Mrs. Malcolm's placid, self-satisfied reply. "He comes, occasionally, to call on Edward, but I take care that Blanche is kept out of his way. At the first of her coming home, I was really concerned in that respect. He seemed completely enchanted with her; and I am well aware that if he should take it into his head to fall in love with her, and she with him, Mr. Malcom would never refuse his consent to their marriage—never! so, my dear friend, you see that we must play our cards skilfully!" and the lady smiled.

And so she did, as well as Mrs. Beauvais; and the designs of each seemed prospering. How they congratulated themselves! At the end of July, too, Arthur wrote that he was coming directly home. Blanche was favored with an immediate reading of the letter; for Mrs. Beauvais had great faith in those letters, which the young man really wrote charmingly, and which were perfectly fascinating in their style. But this one, it seemed to Blanche, was hurried—almost unintelligible in places, as if the writer's mind was occupied more with other affairs, than the occupation of the moment. His mother, however, scarcely noticed this feature of the epistle, or, if she did, only attributed it to the hurry of preparation for his journey.

Louis Russell, as Mrs. Malcolm had intimated, came to call on the family occasionally, and not unfrequently met Blanche. It was not, however, when her step-mother could prevent it. That lady always treated him with politeness—the most perfect cordiality, it seemed to her daughter and husband; but Louis could *feel*, rather than see the difference. He saw her care—her (as she thought) concealed anxiety concerning Blanche, and the continued dislike and distrust with which she regarded him. It was of little moment to him, however. He had become acquainted with Henrietta's secret, that I should have the Malcolms; and from a thousand observations of hers, while she spoke, as she frequently did, with enthusiasm, of Arthur's return, led him to suspect what she was too blind and innocent to suspect herself—the plans of her mother and Mrs. Malcolm. This gave him some concern; and from the manner of these two ladies, on subsequent occasions, his suspicions were confirmed.

Blanche, meanwhile, had her curiosity aroused by the arts of these two assiduous friends, but that was all. She wished to see Arthur—to be his friend, as she was Henrietta's. The faintest idea of any kind, which would have presaged a favorable termination to the plots laid so thickly about her, never passed through her mind.

The days passed away busily to her. She never had a moment to spare, for her time was so completely dis-posed of, by Mrs. Malcolm's management; and, consequently, she found no moment in which to discover that this continual round of gayety wearied her. She thought herself as happy as she could expect to be, in London. Yet, the only snatches of *real* happiness which she felt, were found, when, away from her mother's watchful eyes, she passed an hour or two by the side of Louis Russell, and felt something of the quiet, careless joy of other days. She knew, that, in the midst of the continual round of pleasure into which she was drawn, his solicitude followed her—his heart brooded with tenderness (*how* tenderly she knew not yet) over his young pupil. She felt that, though the relation, in which they had formerly stood to each other, no longer seemed, to others, a bond between them, yet it *had* bound her, with strong links, to his affection. Still, the old love—the old reverence—the old influence, held their sway over her, with a strength that no time could affect: and she acknowledged to herself, that there was no pleasure she looked forward to greater, than to sit by his side, as she used to sit, and feel herself once more the merry child who sat there years gone by; for they were still—Mrs. Malcolm to the contrary, notwithstanding—master and pupil.

Louis came, generally, when he made his visits to her father's, hours in the evening; and Mr. Malcolm looked for him frequently, for a partner at chess. Mrs. Malcolm was most commonly present, on such occasions, and thus the possibility of meeting Blanche alone did not often occur. And Blanche herself, unsuspecting as was her nature, came gradually to entertain a vague and somewhat disagreeable consciousness of being attended a little too closely by her mother.

One evening, however, Mrs. Malcolm was absent; Mr. Malcolm, with a friend, had gone to the library, where the two, strangers to each other for years, though they had been classmates at college, were busy in discussing old times.

Blanche was sitting alone in the drawing-room. It was something unusual for her to be in absolute solitude, thus, and she smiled, as she thought of it.

"Where is Louis, I wonder?" was her mental query.

A sound on the steps—the opening of the door in the vestibule, and a well known foot-fall on the floor, answered her. Louis stood at her side.

"What have you been dreaming about, all alone here, Blanchette?" he asked, seating himself beside her, with her hands clasped in his own.

"Dreaming about? everything, and—nothing," she answered, lightly.

He smiled. "I wonder what the chief matter of consideration was?—what are a young lady's thoughts, generally?"

"Countless as the sands of the sea, Louis, and many-colored and changeable as the chameleon itself. I have saved up some of the sands, however. I please myself best with their hues. I put them in my hour-glass, and watch the flight of time by them. What are they?" and her timid yet laughing eyes dwelt on his countenance.

"I do not know, Blanche. I wish my own name to mingle with them sometimes, though. Does it, I wonder?"

Her only answer was a deeper smile and blush.

"Shall I tell you," he said, "what my thoughts were, as I stood at my mirror, in my chamber to night?"

"Nay; you are pushing me a step too far. What do I know of the extent of your vanity?"

"The thought was not one to feed my vanity. I was thinking how old I am growing, Blanchette. Look at my gray hairs!"

She laid her hand on his fine head, and slowly threaded the masses of dark curls that were brushed away from his pale brow.

"Yes," she said, with sad and irrepressible tenderness, while the bright tears gathered through her smiles, "there are gray hairs there, and Louis is thirty-one years old to-day. Did you think I forgot it?" she added, as a sudden flash of pleasure illuminated his countenance. "Look at this." And she drew from its resting place a tiny golden case, and gave it to him.

He opened it, and found that it contained a small and exquisite likeness of herself. On the inside of the cover was engraved the single word—"LOUIS."

He studied the lovely features thoughtfully, a moment, and then placed the case in his bosom.

"Blanche," he said, "let me thank you a thousand times for this. It is what I have often desired. But there is something else. I want such a present as you gave me three years ago, on such a day as this. Do you remember it?"

At first, she was silent, with her glance fixed inquiringly on his. Gradually, a blush dawned and wavered on her clear cheek. She hesitated. But, as she met those kind, smiling eyes, her old, childish days seemed to come back. Bending forward, she touched the forehead of Louis with timid lips; and then, half frightened at her own daring, was springing up; but he held her quietly by his side.

"Blanche, what are you running away for? I want you. Do you know," he said, "that I have been waiting a long time for that? I find it very sweet—so sweet, that I should have the audacity to ask for more, if I were not going to seek a favor of greater importance just now. It seems a long time, doesn't it, Blanche?—since you and I were pupil and master. I am growing old fast, as I said before; and habit grows strong, you know, as one grows older. I miss you, my pet, every day when I cannot see you at least once. I want you where I can behold you always. I want to hear your voice from morning till night. I want to feel your presence forever, and know that you are *mine*—my own. Do not turn your face away—listen a moment—and then go, if you will. Blanche Malcolm, will you marry me?"

She was silent awhile. Tears gathered slowly in her eyes, but smiles broke through them, too, like sparkles of sunshine. She laid her hands in his, with a quiet and timid happiness.

"If you care to have me, Louis," she said.

That evening Blanche prepared herself to attend a party with her mother.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Malcolm received a visit from Louis—a morning visit. They were alone in the library together for an hour, and Mrs. Malcolm inwardly declared, as she wondered what the subject of their conference could be, that the like should never occur again. That hour seemed one of most interminable length, and it was a relief to her when the guest came out of the library (attended by Mr. Malcolm, who waited upon him as far as the hall door, where their conversation was continued sometime longer), and the echo of his departing footsteps died away.

Her husband went out himself, directly after, so that her curiosity was not satisfied, until dinner, when Mr. Malcolm informed her that Louis Russell had made a formal proposal for the hand of Blanche, and been accepted.

"Accepted! My dear Edward, what *are* you thinking of?" she said, endeavoring to control herself, while resentment and indignation, scarce veiled by the artifice, flashed from her eyes. "Surely, Blanche is much too young, and only just introduced. Besides, Mr. Russell is at least fourteen or fifteen years her senior. She never will consent to this—never!"

"My dear," returned her husband, calmly, "she has consented, already. Blanche was first sought as a wife by Louis three months ago, when I gave *my* agreement to his suit. He proposed, finally, last Wednesday, when she accepted him. It is nothing new, I assure you," he continued, with the most unconscious coolness; "I have always looked forward to it, and no match could please me better, *for* Blanche. Depend upon it, my dear Adele, she has chosen well."

Was it all over, then? Inwardly trembling with rage and excitement—outwardly as calm, and sweet, and serene as ever, Mrs. Malcolm ordered the carriage, immediately after dinner, and proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Beauvais. Blanche was spending the day there, and met her mother upon the stairs.

"Blanche, come with me," said the lady, quietly; and the two entered the drawing-room, the young girl vainly trying to guess at the business upon which Mrs. Malcolm had come so suddenly.

They were alone together, and the affair was immediately unfolded. Blanche was not much surprised at the opposition which (as yet a gentle opposition) her mother manifested towards her union with Louis. But she quietly assured her of her determination to abide by the decision she had formed. Then the anger of Mrs. Malcolm became apparent. She threatened, expostulated, and coaxed, by turns; and what was the effect? Blanche, becoming astonished and indignant at the earnestness and pertinacity with which she combated her determination, increased the fire that only sought fuel, to rage with greater intensity every moment, by her answers, and finally, she was silent altogether. Now, Mrs. Malcolm reproached her with the most bitter sarcasm; her disappointment lent her eloquence from its very intensity. In the midst of it all, Mrs. Beauvais entered; and her astonishment and anger were equal to those of her friend. It was then, that, in an unguarded moment, they betrayed to her the plans which they had so long cherished. And she—a weak, silly, sentimental child—was to defeat them! Mrs. Malcolm laughed with bitter scorn. "Blanche," she said, "you shall marry to please me yet!"

Blanche was very pale. This rude treatment overcame her. She rose to her feet. "Madam, I shall leave you," she said, tearfully; "I will not be compelled to listen!"

The roll of carriage wheels was heard outside. They stopped just beneath the windows. The hall door was opened; footsteps echoed on the broad staircase; the light, sweet voice of a lady was heard; the deeper, yet not less musical one, of a gentleman; and the next instant, Arthur Beauvais—the same handsome, elegant, graceful Arthur Beauvais, who was to have been the husband of Blanche—stood before them, with a beautiful woman, fair as a beam of sunshine, leaning on his arm. Mrs. Beauvais started and turned very pale. "My dearest mother!" he exclaimed, with charming gayety, "I kiss your hand. Mrs. Malcolm, I am extremely gratified to see you. Ladies," and he turned smilingly to the lovely, timid-looking girl by his side, "allow me to present my wife."

Mrs. Malcolm stood thunderstruck. Blanche smiled, spite of her tears; and Mrs. Beauvais, with one bitter, stormy glance of rage at her innocent son and his pretty bride, fell upon the floor in a fainting fit.

Blanche and Louis were married, after all. The opposition of Mrs. Malcolm, and her pertinacity on the subject, together with the discovery of her artful plans, incensed her husband highly. Thenceforth, she found in him a strength of character—a force and determination of will, that completely gained the mastery of her decisive nature. Louis and his wife had afterwards very little intimacy with her. Her duplicity disgusted them.

Pretty Amy Beauvais met with a sorry reception from her husband's family, with the exception of Henriette.

"But, Arthur," she said, as she sat with her arm about Amy, "why didn't you let us know you were going to marry in Wales?"

"My dear sister," he answered, "the surprise, I thought, would be delightful!"

It was delightful—in a way. Mrs. Beauvais, chagrined at her defeat, never spoke to her daughter-in law; so she never caused her any trouble.

A TRUSTING CUSTOMER.

A week or two since, a decently dressed elderly man called at the shop of our townsman, Mr. Muirhead, jeweller and watchmaker, Buchanan Street, and quietly asked if his watch was ready, or, in other words, if it had been repaired. As Mr. Muirhead had no remembrance at the moment of having done business with the man, he asked in turn when he had left the article. "O," said the other, "I didna' leave it in this shop, for ye were ower bye in Nelson Street when ye got it." Says Mr. Muirhead, "That must have been a long time ago, then, for we left Nelson Street in 1838—that is seventeen years since." "But I left it wi' ye for a' that," said the other. He was then asked for the name and number of the watch, which he described to a nicety, and on opening the repository, it was found safe and sound. Exactly twenty-one years have passed since Duncan handed it in for repair, yet he called for it at the end of that period as coolly as if he had only left it the preceding week. Duncan's account is: "Ye see, I'm a sawyer to my trade, and I gaed ower to America to see how things were looking, for I kent the watch would be safe till I cam' back, but I staid a wee thocht langer than I intended."—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

PARIS FUEL SHOPS.

The fuel, with which to cook a dinner in Paris, costs nearly as much as the dinner itself. Fuel is very scarce, and the American is surprised to find shops all over the city, fitted up with shelves like those in shoe stores, upon which is stored wood, built up in pieces about the size of a man's finger, and done up in bundles, as matches were in the days of the tinder box, steel and flint; they are about the size of a bunch of asparagus. These little bundles sell at from two to six sous. Larger sticks are bundled up in the same way and sell at a frightful price. Charcoal is sold by weight, and hard coal, being nearly as expensive as wood, can be bought in the smallest quantity at any of these fuel shops. They are generally kept by women. The windows of these shops are often decorated with a curtain, or inside shutter, upon which split wood and round wood are painted to represent the bundles sold inside.—*Life on the Continent.*

AN OYSTER STORY.

"What I am about to describe," says Gozen, "may be untrue; but I believe it. I have heard of the waggish propensities of oysters. I have known them, from mere humor, to clap suddenly upon a rat's tail at night, and, what with squeaking and the clatter, we verily thought the evil one had broke loose in the cellar. Moreover, I am told that, upon another occasion, when a demijohn of brandy had burst, a large 'Blue Pointer' was found lying in a little pool of liquor, just drunk enough to be careless of consequences, opening and shutting his shell 'with a devil may-care' air, as if he didn't value anybody a brass farthing, but was going to be as noisy as he possibly could."

Jester's Picnic.

"John, I can't endure such rudeness any longer; come here, my son; we'll see if the 'rod of correction' wont drive it from you."

"I don't mind the licking, pa; but I'm afraid it wont do me any good."

"We can tell better about that afterwards. But why do you think so, John?"

"Why, doesn't the arithmetic say that forty rods make one road (rude)?"

"John, you are an incorrigible lad. Turn round here; we'll see how much it takes to make an *ass* (ascher)."

"O, don't, pa; please don't. I guess it will be *whole long* (a furlong)."—*New Haven Register.*

A good story is told of a broad-backed Kentuckian who went to New Orleans for the first time. Whiskey, brandy and plain drinks, he knew; but as to compounded and flavored liquors, he was a Know Nothing. Reposing on the seats of the Court of the St. Charles, he observed a score of fashionables drinking mint juleps. "Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage." When he had consumed the cooling draught, he called the boy. "Boy, what was my last remark?" "Why, you ordered a julep." "That's right, don't forget it; *keep bringing 'em.*"

The author of "Habits and Men" relates an anecdote of an old fashioned naval captain, who committed the offence of dancing without gloves. The marine hero in question had stood up to go through a country-dance with a very fine lady, who was shocked to observe that his huge and warm hands were not covered, according to etiquette. "Captain," said his fair partner, "you are perhaps not aware that you have not got your gloves on!" "O, never mind, ma'am!" answered the commander, "never mind; I can wash my hands when we've done!"

Didn't believe in it.—Mr. Patrick O'Shaughnessy had no faith in vaccination.

"I took my youngest gossoon to the doctther and he performed the cruel operation."

"And what came of it, Pat?"

"Be jabers, the boy died two days afther."

"In two days?"

"Yes, begorra! he fell from an apple tree that I sent him into to gather pertaties, and broke his neck. To the divil wid yer vaccination!"

A Yorkshire schoolmaster, who was one of the "Squeers" stamp, taking down a young "wretim" to his "Dotheboys Hall," stopped for refreshment at a village inn. "Boil me an egg," said he, "and give the broth to the boy." "But there's no nourishment in the water an egg has been boiled in," said the publican. "Very well, then," replied the liberal pedagogue; "boil me half a dozen, for I'm confoundedly hungry."

It is related by a "celebrated Roman Consul," that, while Mr. G. P. R. James's "solitary horseman" was warming his boots at a village inn fire, on a very cold night, a waiting maid said to him, "Sir, if you don't look out, you'll burn your spurs." "You mean my boots, my dear." "No, sir," was the consoling reply; "they are burned already."

Liston, the comic actor, once attempted to play Richard III., and was deservedly hissed. The next night he played Crack, the drunken cobbler in the Turnpike Gate, and was deservedly applauded. "I can tell you the reason of your failure and of your success," said Theodore Hook. "You play the royal tyrant like a cobbler, and the cobbler royally."

* Louis XIV. was one day bantering the Duke of Vivonne on his excessive corpulence, in the presence of the Duke D'Aumont, who was just as fleshy, and told him that he did not take exercise enough. "You are mistaken, sire," said Vivonne; "there isn't a day that I don't walk at least three times round my cousin here."

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